H. B. Smith

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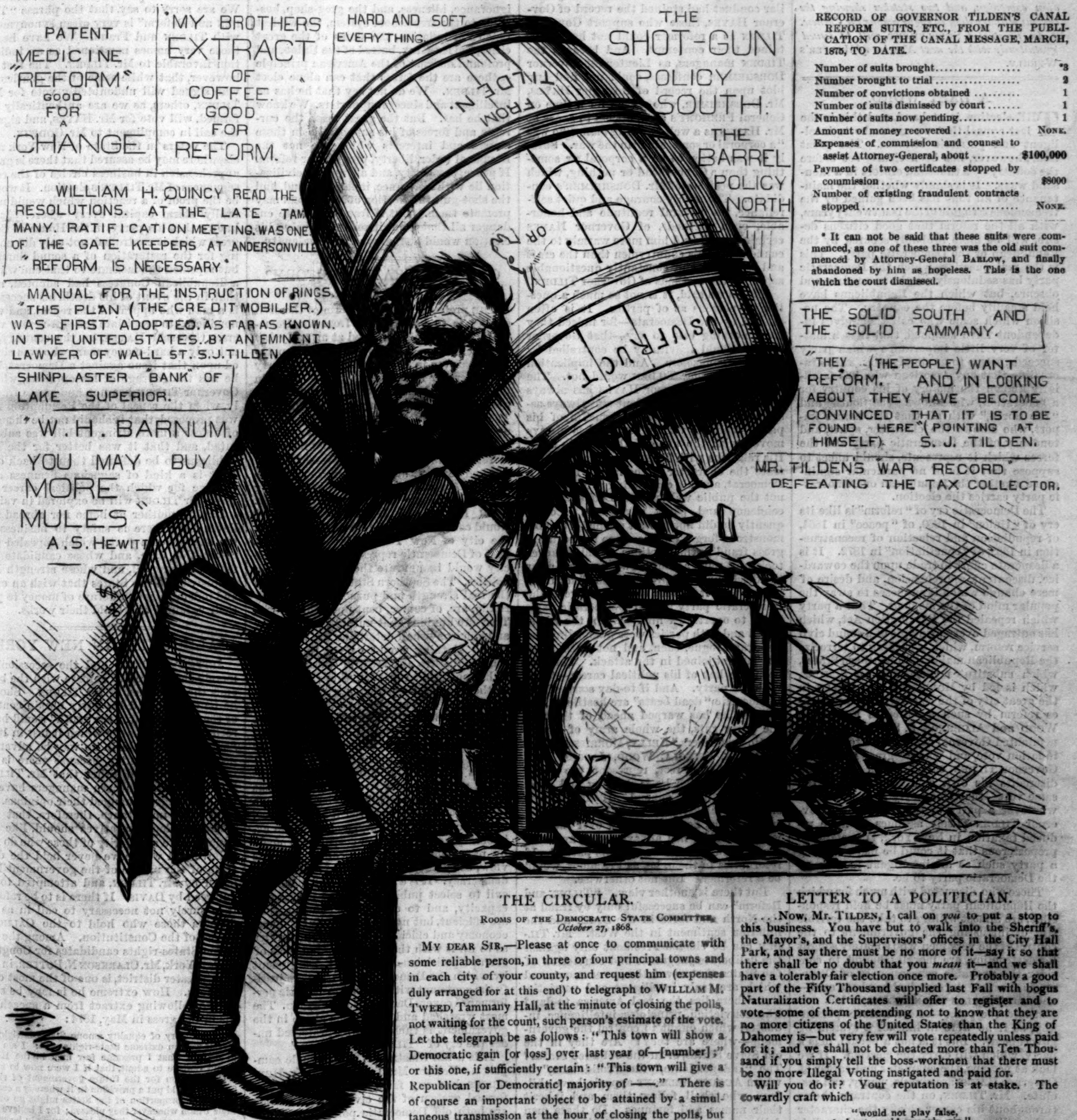
PATENT MEDICINE "REFORM," GOOD FOR A CHANGE
"MY BROTHERS EXTRACT OF COFFEE. GOOD FOR REFORM.
HARD AND SOFT EVERYTHING.
THE SHOT-GUN POLICY SOUTH.
THE BARREL POLICY NORTH
FROM TILDEN.
$
OR
USUFRUCT.
WILLIAM H. QUINCY READ THE RESOLUTIONS. AT THE LATE TAMMANY. RATIFICATION MEETING. WAS ONE OF THE GATE KEEPERS AT ANDERSONVILLE "REFORM IS NECESSARY"
MANUAL FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF RINGS. "THIS PLAN (THE CREDIT MOBILIER.) WAS FIRST ADOPTED. AS FAR AS KNOWN. IN THE UNITED STATES. BY AN EMINENT LAWYER OF WALL ST. S.J.TILDEN.
SHINPLASTER "BANK" OF LAKE SUPERIOR.
"W. H. BARNUM. YOU MAY BUY MORE — MULES" A. S. HEWITT
THE SOLID SOUTH AND THE SOLID TAMMANY.
"THEY (THE PEOPLE) WANT REFORM. AND IN LOOKING ABOUT THEY HAVE BECOME CONVINCED THAT IT IS TO BE FOUND HERE" (POINTING AT HIMSELF). S. J. TILDEN.
MR. TILDEN'S "WAR RECORD" DEFEATING THE TAX COLLECTOR.
$
Th. Nast

RECORD OF GOVERNOR TILDEN'S CANAL REFORM SUITS, ETC., FROM THE PUBLICATION OF THE CANAL MESSAGE, MARCH, 1875, TO DATE.

Number of suits brought	*3
Number brought to trial	2
Number of convictions obtained	1
Number of suits dismissed by court	1
Number of suits now pending	1
Amount of money recovered	NONE.
Expenses of commission and counsel to assist Attorney-General, about	$100,000
Payment of two certificates stopped by commission	$8000
Number of existing fraudulent contracts stopped	NONE.

* It can not be said that these suits were commenced, as one of these three was the old suit commenced by Attorney-General BARLOW, and finally abandoned by him as hopeless. This is the one which the court dismissed.

THE CIRCULAR.

ROOMS OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE,
October 27, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR,—Please at once to communicate with some reliable person, in three or four principal towns and in each city of your county, and request him (expenses duly arranged for at this end) to telegraph to WILLIAM M. TWEED, Tammany Hall, at the minute of closing the polls, not waiting for the count, such person's estimate of the vote. Let the telegraph be as follows: "This town will show a Democratic gain [or loss] over last year of—[number];" or this one, if sufficiently certain: "This town will give a Republican [or Democratic] majority of ——." There is of course an important object to be attained by a simultaneous transmission at the hour of closing the polls, but not longer waiting. Opportunity can be taken of the usual half-hour lull in telegraphic communication over lines before actual results begin to be declared, and before the Associated Press absorb the telegraph with returns and interfere with individual messages, and give orders to watch carefully the count. Very truly yours,

(Signed) SAMUEL J. TILDEN, Chairman.

LETTER TO A POLITICIAN.

....Now, MR. TILDEN, I call on *you* to put a stop to this business. You have but to walk into the Sheriff's, the Mayor's, and the Supervisors' offices in the City Hall Park, and say there must be no more of it—say it so that there shall be no doubt that you *mean* it—and we shall have a tolerably fair election once more. Probably a good part of the Fifty Thousand supplied last Fall with bogus Naturalization Certificates will offer to register and to vote—some of them pretending not to know that they are no more citizens of the United States than the King of Dahomey is—but very few will vote repeatedly unless paid for it; and we shall not be cheated more than Ten Thousand if you simply tell the boss-workmen that there must be no more Illegal Voting instigated and paid for.

Will you do it? Your reputation is at stake. The cowardly craft which

> "would not play false,
> And yet would wrongly win,"

will not avail. If we Republicans are swindled again as we were swindled last Fall, you, and such as you, will be responsible to God and man for the outrage. Prosecutors, magistrates, municipal authorities, are all in the pool; we have nothing to hope from the ministers of justice, and the villains have no fear of the terrors of the law. I appeal to you, and anxiously await the result. Yours,

NEW YORK, *October* 20, 1869. HORACE GREELEY.

THE PROSPECT IN NEW YORK.
"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?"

The Sale of HARPER'S WEEKLY last Week was over 130,000 Copies.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 11, 1876.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains several Centennial cuts of great interest, a picture illustrating a phase of the Indian campaign, and two sketches showing the curious military drill in vogue among the Chinese.*

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

A LAST WORD.

The election is at hand, and this is the last appeal that we can make to intelligent and patriotic citizens. The great issue, however, has been clearly set before the country by a thousand orators in a thousand ways. It is simply whether the maintenance of all that has been gained by the tremendous struggle of the last twenty years, with all the reform that good citizens desire, will be more probably secured by the Republican or the Democratic party. This is the real question, which the Democratic party has sedulously sought to confuse and obscure, but which the Republicans have held steadily before the country. The position which some who call themselves independent have assumed, that it is a matter of very little importance which party succeeds, seems to us simply silly. It is incredible that any American who has familiarly known the history of his country for a generation, who knows "the South" and "the North," with all that the names import, who knows the character, spirit, and tendency of the Democratic party and the forces which it represents, should affect to suppose that it is of no particular significance whether the Republican or Democratic party carries the election.

The Democratic cry of "reform" is like its cry of "Union" in 1860, of "peace" in 1864, of repudiation and rejection of reconstruction in 1868, of "conciliation" in 1872. It is a desperate effort to trade upon the cowardice, discontent, apprehension, and desire of mere change which it supposes to sway the popular mind of the moment. That a party which repealed the Resumption Act, which has outraged every principle of a sound civil service reform, which is seeking to terrorize the Republican majority in Southern States, which substitutes Cockrell for Schurz, which is led by Morrissey and Kelly in the great city of the country, which preaches reform by such apostles as Fernando Wood and Algernon S. Sullivan, which nominated Governor Hendricks to win the inflation vote, and whose "great reformer," Governor Tilden, eats his own words and discredits his own acts to pander to the same vote—that this party is in any sense whatever a party of reform, because Governor Tilden falsely assumes to have reduced taxation in New York, is a claim so preposterous that it could be made only by a party such as all intelligent men know the Democratic party to be.

Those who, disgusted with much for which the Republican party must be held responsible, are almost willing to take the terrible risk of intrusting the government to the control of the very men who so lately sought its destruction, are morally bound to consider the probable consequences of Democratic success. A great deal has been said—and Mr. Charles Francis Adams has emphasized the point—of Mr. Tilden personally, as if he were in himself a system of government. But it is not a person, it is a party, which will carry the election. If we look at persons, the character and career of Governor Hayes are simple, manly, and resolute. Mr. Tilden, on the contrary, shows throughout his career chiefly the character and quality of a crafty Democratic politician. Compare his constant wire-pulling and secret management to obtain the nomination, his advertising agencies and literary bureaus and "direction of the canvass" since the nomination, with the absolutely dignified and independent attitude of Governor Hayes. It is the difference between a self-respecting American citizen and gentleman and a restless, eager, and scheming politician.

Compare, again, the entire public career of Governor Hayes, professional, military, and political, with that of Governor Tilden. The New York *Express*, a Democratic paper which vehemently opposed the Tilden nomination, said of him just before the St. Louis Convention:

> "A man who has dealt so largely in railroads, and profited so largely by them, will not be trusted as a candidate. The losses have been too frightful upon the one hand and the private gains too enormous on the other, to make any man, identified as Mr. Tilden is with railroads, the proper candidate for President of the United States."

The rebellion was but the enforcing of Mr. Tilden's declared doctrines. His position through the war was that of a Copperhead. After the war his relations with Tweed justified Mr. Greeley's charge of passive complicity. His explanation of his income tax can satisfy no honest man that he sought to ascertain and pay his fair share of the public expense. And his letter of acceptance is a bid for the support of one of the most dangerous classes in the country. If any one of these things or any similar conduct had stained the record of Governor Hayes, those who support Governor Tilden as a reformer could not have contained their contempt. And because the Tilden managers, as Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer confesses, could not find any blot upon the record of Governor Hayes, Mr. Dorsheimer, who served for a time on General Fremont's staff, affects to sneer at Mr. Hayes as a well-meaning man, who was "a corporal or something" in the war. Surely it was better to be a corporal or something than a Copperhead or nothing, which was the position of Mr. Dorsheimer's candidate. The manly courage and quiet self-reliance, the natural rectitude and honorable, open methods, of Governor Hayes certainly commend him more warmly to the confidence of his countrymen than the craft and scheming and constantly questionable aspect of the methods of Governor Tilden.

But, as we said, it is not so much a question of persons as of parties. It is often alleged by the Democrats—for indeed they have nothing else to say—that Governor Hayes would inevitably be controlled by untrusty counselors. And the implication is that Governor Tilden would not. The truth is that Governor Hayes has always been singularly independent and always associated with the better elements of his party, while Governor Tilden has always moved with the general Democratic drift. His relations with Tweed thoroughly illustrate the character of the man. He was a Democrat, and his controlling principle was not the public welfare, but Democratic ascendency and party advantage. Consequently he did not protest against Tweed's monstrous forgery of his name to procure a gross fraud in the elections. And he never took any part against Tweed, even after the disclosures and proofs of the *Times*, until he saw that it was for the advantage of the Democratic party and of Democratic aspirants to overthrow him. When the whole world and both parties were pummeling the prostrate rogue, then, and not until then, Mr. Tilden joined in the attack. This has been the key of his political career—to go with his party. And if to-day some of the Democratic "dead beats" are hostile to him because he has warped ahead of them in the party ruts, the whole army of Democratic "reformers," Kelly, Morrissey, Cox, Sullivan, Spinola, Wood, Jacobs, Fellows, and the rest, represent the party current on which he is drifting and upon which he must depend. If Mr. Tilden should be elected, does any body seriously suppose that he would throw over the men with whom he has always acted, and who are the working leaders of his party? If reform lies in them, he, as President, would be a reformer. But not otherwise.

But there is another view. "Tilden and Reform" can be successful only by fraud at the North and force in the South and the inflation sentiment in the West. Mr. Tilden can be elected President only against the deliberate judgment and conviction of the States that saved the government, and which are truly intelligent and patriotic. But where lies the real America to-day? The conviction, principles, intelligence, industry, which ought to control the government—where are they? Are they in the old Slave States, or in the old Free States? The "independents," the "solid men," to whom August Belmont appeals, have children who shall follow them and inherit their names and fortunes. Do these men deliberately prefer to intrust the common welfare to the control of that Southern sentiment of which Wade Hampton is a leader and a type, rather than to that Northern principle and spirit and tendency of which Rutherford B. Hayes is the representative? They need not fear the word sectional, for our politics for half a century have been really a conflict between the dominant idea of the two sections. The North means equal rights. The South means privilege and caste. Under the cry of "Tilden and Reform" the idea of the South, fatal to American institutions, fatal to popular government and national progress, aims for the last time to seize the government that it could not destroy. Defeated now, it will of necessity yield. It will see that under no mask, under no pretense, can it recover power. For the first time since the government was formed will a true union be possible. The Southern white citizens will find that they have no surer or truer friends than the men whose courage and conviction make "the North." But the indispensable condition is a real respect for equal rights and the suppression by local opinion of the spirit that forms rifle clubs and the Ku-Klux and the White League. When Wade Hampton's rifle clubs are turned as militia against the White Leaguers instead of Republican meetings and negroes, there will be the dawn of a better day. Will that day be more surely heralded by the election of Tilden or of Hayes?

Fraud in the North and force in the South, ignorance, idleness, and the grog-shop, hostility to the free-school system, the wildest fancies of inflation, the slums of the great cities, the Ku-Klux, hatred of the Union, and profound distrust of the American principle—these are the forces that can alone elect Mr. Tilden. We do not say that he has no intelligent and sincere supporters. We know that he has. But the great mass, the currents and forces of his support, lie in those classes and interests which are not the friends of order, liberty, progress, or reform. If peace, prosperity, and advancing civilization lie with ignorance, inflation, fraud, and the shot-gun, the election of Mr. Tilden may promote them. But if fraud and force endanger all that good citizens most value, his election would be a grave public calamity.

ONE DEMOCRATIC "REFORM" ABANDONED.

The pretense that any reform of the civil service is to be expected from the Democratic party was abandoned at an early day in the canvass. There was absolutely nothing whatever in the conduct of that party any where or at any time, and nothing in the career or declarations of its candidates, upon which to found any such assumption. The only distinct Democratic proposition upon the subject has been that Republican officers are corrupt, and that the first step of reform must be a general removal. If any body expects any other reform than this from a Democratic success, he is curiously deceived. Those eminent reformers Mr. John Kelly and Mr. John Morrissey would contest the direction of the reform in the city of New York, and the illustrious host of Democratic representatives from the city would inaugurate the era of purity in politics. The Southern States, also, in which the real strength and purpose of the party reside, are, of course, bent upon the reform. They are anxious that nothing but honesty and efficiency shall determine the tenure of office. Nothing would grieve them more than to disturb any faithful officer because of his politics. Indeed, nothing is so dear to the Democratic party as a thorough reform of the civil service, as was shown last winter, when, having control of the House, it turned out fifty-seven efficient officers who had been soldiers of the Union, in order to turn in as many Democrats.

This was done, it appears, in order to avoid an aristocracy. It is alleged that clerks, hired to do certain service, and liable to be peremptorily removed for negligence, inefficiency, or dishonesty, constitute an aristocracy. But the close corporation made by patronage does not, according to this view, constitute an aristocracy. That is a democracy. It is a monstrous and menacing evil to select public clerks for fitness and capacity, and to employ them while they are efficient, but nothing so surely promotes economy and efficiency in the public service as to fill it with the henchmen and tools of corrupt politicians. This is the argument by which the Democratic newspapers justify the contempt with which Democratic performance covers Democratic profession. The most wretched and dangerous abuse in the government is thus carefully protected under the cry of "Tilden and Reform."

It is a fair illustration of the whole campaign. Neither Mr. Tilden nor Mr. Hendricks has any faith whatever in a reformed system of the civil service. They are both old Democratic politicians of the school that has produced the evil. Not a single Democratic orator, so far as we have seen or heard, has advocated any other reform than change. Not a single Democratic newspaper has shown any conception of what reform of the civil service means. Nor is there any evidence that there is any considerable section of the Democratic party which knows that the existing system is the most prolific source of political demoralization. The Republican party, on the other hand, has certainly not made good all its professions upon the subject. But the friends of a real reform are Republicans, and among them is the Republican candidate for the Presidency. The only hope of any practical effort to correct existing abuses lies in the success of the Republicans. It may be a work to be slowly done. It must have a stronger root in public opinion and demand than it now has. But as nothing is more desirable than such a reform, so nothing will so foster and develop public sentiment for it as an administration that sincerely favors it.

BUSINESS MEN AND THE ELECTION.

The question has been sometimes asked, in districts remote from the city, whether the mercantile interest of New York is favorable to the election of Mr. Tilden or opposed to it. Such names as those appended to the invitation to Mr. Godwin are cited as evidence of preference for Mr. Tilden. We are sorry to say that the phrase "Tilden and Reform" is very often synonymous with Tilden and Fraud. We have heard those very names mentioned as an indication favorable to Mr. Tilden. The fact is, however, that while some of the gentlemen who signed will undoubtedly vote for Mr. Tilden, others, as we are authentically informed, will vote for Mr. Hayes, and signed the call in compliment to Mr. Godwin.

The voters in the State of New York and elsewhere may be assured that there is great apprehension in business circles of the consequences of Mr. Tilden's election. It would be the proof of a reaction which would naturally alarm capital every where. It is known that his party, in the House of Congress which it controlled, not only did nothing for the restoration of a sound finance, but repealed the measure to that end which a Republican Congress had adopted, and that, in the event of his death, his successor is a man who approved the repeal, and was nominated to propitiate the soft-money voters. Governor Hayes, on the contrary, is not only a hard-money man, who was elected upon that issue against a Democrat, but he has the courage of his opinions, which Governor Tilden has not, and wrote frankly, when the repeal of the Resumption Act was proposed, that it should not be thought of unless a more stringent bill was substituted, and that it was better for the Republicans to be defeated than to back out. That is a kind of sagacious firmness and courage for which the political career of Governor Tilden will be explored in vain.

Capital neither at home nor abroad believes that there is safety to business in the success of a party which repealed the resumption date, and whose candidate defended the repeal, and whose strength lies exclusively in the States that wish an easy and indefinite manufacture of money to pay their "claims" and build their works.

CALHOUNISM IN NEW YORK.

Jefferson Davis and the secessionists merely endeavored to enforce with the bayonet the doctrines of Mr. Tilden. Should he be elected, and his party obtain control of the government, "the South" would have recovered the mastery which it lost in 1860. Such a result could in no way be advantageous to the country, because there is no reason to suppose either that Mr. Tilden himself or his Southern managers have in the least degree changed their opinions. It is of vital importance, therefore, that the House of Representatives should, like the Senate, have a majority of those who do not believe and who have never held the doctrine of the nature of the government laid down by Mr. Tilden, and attempted to be enforced by Davis. If there is to be reform, it is surely not necessary to call in as reformers those who hold to the Calhoun theory of the Constitution. Among the extreme States-rights candidates for Congress in New York, Mr. Clarkson N. Potter, in the Westchester district, is one of the most conspicuous. How extreme he is may be seen in the following extract from a speech of his in Congress in May, 1874:

> "The theory of equality among States is right. I myself was an extreme State-rights man. I am free to declare what I presume few men in the House would venture to admit, that if I were now to make a Constitution for the future government of rising States, I would put a provision in it whereby a certain number or proportion of the States might go out of their Union whenever they pleased; for I believe that good government can, in the long-run, only be maintained by its being in accordance with the interests of those who are under it. I am convinced that whenever the real interests of a great section prompt it to go out of such Union, it should be allowed to go."

It is unnecessary, ten years after the close of the war, and with the exhaustive and conclusive demonstration of the fatal fallacy and absurdity of such a theory which our political literature of the last generation affords, to argue seriously this proposition. But it is for the voters of Westchester to decide whether they think that it is wise to intrust the government or any branch of it, at this time and with the recent history of the country, to those who hold such views. Was there any good reason for intrusting the government originally to the Tories of the Revolution? Mr. BRANDRETH, the Republican opponent of Mr. POTTER, is a gentleman well known in his district, and he has served with ability and distinction in the Legislature. His general political views are in perfect accord with the settlements of the war, while Mr. POTTER's are not, and in the general business of national legislation Mr. BRANDRETH could never be suspected of favoring the doctrines which served as the excuse of the rebellion. While he was in a minority the radical unsoundness of Mr. POTTER's views was of small importance. But a House and a President in accord with him might well startle the country as full of possible danger.

THE "REFORM" TAXATION.

THERE are a great many Democrats who propose to vote against Governor TILDEN on the ground of general distrust. They believe substantially many of the "charges," because they think they have had reason to believe. We know such instances. Nor are they surprising, for although the reasons in the cases we name are private, Governor TILDEN has given occasion for the same distrust in his public declarations. Having presented himself for public support as a reformer, he has been compelled to justify his claim. The most incessant plea that he has urged—and it has been constantly echoed from the Literary Bureau and posted upon dead-walls throughout the State—is that he has reduced taxation in New York. The falsity of this statement has been often and plainly exposed, but never more clearly than in a speech of JAMES A. BRIGGS, one of the State assessors, and a man who necessarily knows the facts, and whose character testifies the entire accuracy of his statements. He follows rigorously the assertions of Governor TILDEN upon the subject of taxation, and relentlessly exposes their inaccuracy:

> "We have from the statements of Governor TILDEN that from September 30, 1874, sums appropriated from taxes would pay of the State debt, then $30,198,455 40, all but $10,250,000. It is a fair question to ask, Has Governor TILDEN, by any instrumentality of his own, paid this $20,000,000? He has had no more to do with this reduction of taxes, in consequence of the payment of the State debt, than his associate on the Democratic ticket, Governor HENDRICKS, who says the fact that the taxes have fallen from $16,000,000 to $8,000,000 gave him [Governor T.] the nomination. Governor TILDEN makes this very remarkable statement: 'We are running the government at a little more than half what it cost three years ago.' I do not know how any man who has any regard for truth could make such a statement. If Governor TILDEN can show this to be a fact by any ciphering, after deducting from the amount of taxes paid the sums applied to the payment of the State debt, he ought to be appointed a professor of higher mathematics in Columbia, and he would be the champion mathematician of the world, and entitled to the 'belt,' even over old EUCLID himself. If all that Governor TILDEN claims as a reformer in other matters has no better basis than his claim of reducing the State taxes, then certainly every intelligent man in the State, of whatever name or party, after an investigation of the facts, must regard him as 'a sham and a fraud,' as 'out of his own mouth he is condemned,' as it is true that the State levy for 'general purposes' is higher this year than ever before."

SHOT-GUN REFORM.

THE Democratic effort to arouse indignation against the President's South Carolina proclamation has signally and ludicrously failed. For why should the country be angry that the President, under the law, proposes to protect all citizens of South Carolina in their rights? There is no doubt that the Democrats in that State mean to carry it for "TILDEN and Reform" by means of the shot-gun. We have no more doubt of it than we have that the TILDEN reform is a fraudulent pretense. The Governor of the State is conscious of his inability, in the peculiar situation, to keep the peace. There is no time for delay, for the mischief is designed for a particular day, and if it is to be prevented, the means must be made ready. The protest against the Governor's action and the President's response is a demand that the Democratic Derringer shall control the election. Every good citizen regrets that there should be any armed force near the polls. But it is altogether better that, if there must be such a force, it should be that of the United States to protect every voter of all parties, rather than that of a Democratic rifle club to prevent Republicans from voting.

The danger will be denied, and the law-respecting character of the South Carolina Democracy will be asserted, and the words of WADE HAMPTON quoted. The facts meanwhile remain unchanged. There is no more doubt of the existence and purpose of the rifle clubs than there was of the Ku-Klux and the White League. There is no more doubt that it is the purpose of WADE HAMPTON and his associates practically to suppress and destroy the colored vote than there was of their intention formerly to carry slavery into the Territories. The rifle club and Ku-Klux are simply suckers from the root of slavery. When they become so formidable as to threaten the honesty of the election, it would be merely idiocy to intrust the protection of the voters to those who are armed to overawe them. Does any body pretend that Democratic voters are threatened in South Carolina, or that they are in any danger of being driven from the polls or prevented from voting? If any body should assert it, he would be laughed into silence. It is only Republicans in that State who are threatened by Democrats, and it is only Democrats elsewhere who rage at the protection guaranteed by the President under the law.

The practical terrorism over the colored vote is shown in Georgia. The Democrats have lately carried the State by 80,000, or more, majority. They might as well have carried it unanimously, and by the same general means. In 1870 Georgia had 237,627 legal voters. There was a white majority of but a little more than 21,000. A certain number of these are fairly to be called Republicans, and the colored vote is naturally chiefly Republican. In 1872 the Democrats carried the State by less than 19,000 majority. Where are the Republican voters this year? "Why is it," asks the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, "that in a State with 240,000 legal voters, the Democrats can win a majority of about 80,000 on a vote of only 100,000?" The answer is very short and simple: the shot-gun. The colored Republican voter in Georgia is terrorized. Georgia will give perhaps a hundred thousand majority for "TILDEN and Reform." When the same result is accomplished in every Southern State, when the Southern vote is solid and its Congressional representation is solid, if the Administration should be Democratic also, the work of the war would be virtually undone.

THE SOUTHERN CLAIMS.

THE letter of Mr. TILDEN upon the Southern claims shows his consciousness, and that of the Democratic managers, of the general alarm among business and tax-paying men at the prospect of those enormous drains upon the Treasury. Mr. TILDEN says that he would veto such bills. Mr. TILDEN would then do what he has never yet done in his political career—defy the great and controlling elements of his party. There would be a tremendous contest, and his administration would be wrecked by its own friends. Mr. TILDEN could not restrain the demands, nor could he outwit the craft, of the Southern wing of his party. If it was foiled at one point, it would surely try another, and under the form of aid from the Treasury to enterprises of every kind to build up the South, the assault would be made.

Why should the reviving business of the country take so enormous and disastrous a risk? The election of Mr. TILDEN opens the whole question of payment of the Southern claims. The election of Mr. HAYES closes it. Even Mr. SEYMOUR does not disguise his apprehensions. He said, substantially, in a late speech, that improper legislation of any kind would be baffled by the fact of a Republican Senate. Under HAYES the business interests of the country would be conscious of no disturbing influence. Under TILDEN they would be in constant danger from the inflation pressure to which he has already yielded, and which would be most powerful in the Southern States. This is becoming daily more plain, and has already, as we believe, effectively determined for HAYES and WHEELER thousands of hitherto hesitating voters.

REPUBLICANISM AGAINST BUTLERISM.

THE nomination of General BUTLER was one of the disasters of the campaign. He is among the chief representatives of the influences and courses that make Republican success at all doubtful, and he has openly and scornfully, by word and deed, repudiated the principles which would control the administration of Governor HAYES as President. Distrusted by SUMNER, ANDREW, and WILSON in his own State, he is discredited before the country by his support in Congress of the worst schemes of jobbery and plunder. Rejected by the Republicans of the Essex district as their Representative, and, after a resolute effort upon his part, by the Republicans of Massachusetts as their candidate for Governor, he is equally rejected by the Republicanism of the Union, which demands honest money, administrative reform, and an unflinching but not unfriendly Southern policy. There is no man in the country who more truly represents that Republicanism than Judge HOAR. There is no man who more utterly misrepresents it than General BUTLER.

The contest in the Seventh District of Massachusetts is of national importance. It is the evidence of Republican sincerity in reform. When Massachusetts Democrats wish to prove that they are reformers, they nominate a candidate who not only is not a Democrat, but who refuses to write or speak the word. When Massachusetts Republicans would show their fidelity to reform, they are not driven from their party to find a candidate. They nominate against a Republican who misrepresents the spirit and declared purpose of the party not only a man universally respected for character and ability, but a Republican of Republicans—a man born and bred in the faith, and himself a type of its sturdiest quality. That he may be elected, and Republicanism triumph over Butlerism, must be the hearty wish of true Republicans every where.

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

THE stoning of Republican processions by Democrats in the Northern States, and the organized interruption by them of Republican meetings, show precisely the same spirit which leads the Democrats in the Southern States to coerce Republican meetings and voters by the shot-gun and Derringer and mounted patrols. We doubt if a single Democratic meeting or procession has been in any way annoyed by Republicans. But the Democratic party, as the party of ignorance, and strong among the most dangerous classes of the community, fears and despises discussion. The spirit of the Democracy is still that of the slave-driver, at once servile and intolerant, relying upon brute force and not upon intelligence. Mr. GREELEY's descriptions of the strongholds of the Democracy are as true to-day as when he wrote them. And if fraud, force, and inflation were to be eliminated from the coming election, the success of the Republican, which is the real sentiment of the country, would be overwhelming. Every great political principle and every great interest of the country would be hazarded by Democratic success, which would place in the Presidency a man who holds, as CALHOUN and JEFFERSON DAVIS held, that the Union is, in his own words, a "tie of confederation" which the Constitution leaves every State "with power to snap," "as a nation might repel invasion."

PERSONAL.

MR. CHARLES F. THWING has been collecting statistics of twenty-four principal colleges as to room rent, weekly board, charges for tuition, and the total annual expenses of students, with the amount of aid at the service of indigent students. The Western students report their total expenses usually at $300 to $350; those at the East spend close upon $500, except in Amherst, where the amount is $700, and at Yale, Harvard, and Columbia, where $1000 is the reported amount. The Vassar girl reports $600 average expenditure. City colleges report greater expenditures than those in the country, and it is added that "expenses at Oxford and Cambridge do not essentially differ from expenses at Harvard and Yale."

—HENRY T. TERRY, of Hartford, Connecticut, has received the appointment of Professor of Law in the Imperial University of Japan, at Tokio, and will soon leave to enter upon his duties. He was graduated at Yale in the class of 1869.

—As Bishop TUTTLE, of Montana, was making his annual visitation last July, a ranchman and his wife brought their family to be baptized. Among them was a fine boy six months old. When the bishop asked the names of the children, the mother gave as the baby's name "BISHOP TUTTLE." The bishop mildly suggested that his first name was DANIEL; but the mother could not be driven from her resolution, and the baby was accordingly baptized BISHOP TUTTLE CURTIS.

—ROBERT PEEL JOHNSTON, a grandson of Sir ROBERT PEEL, lives in Springfield, Illinois, and is an assistant in the office of the Secretary of State. His mother, the daughter of the Prime Minister, married Captain JOHNSTON, of the British navy, and at his death brought her son to America. She died a few years ago at an advanced age, leaving to her son many heir-looms of the family. A *Courier-Journal* correspondent, writing of her son, says: "Mr. JOHNSTON is a warden of the Episcopal church at Springfield, and he and his wife are truly almoners of the Lord. One-tenth of their income is laid aside for church work and charitable purposes.

—The late WRIGHT A. BRINGHURST, of Trappe, Pennsylvania, who died on the 2d of October, after bequeathing about $20,000 to relatives and charitable purposes, leaves the bulk of his estate, amounting to over $100,000, to the township of Upper Providence and the boroughs of Pottstown and Norristown, in proportion to the population of each, to be invested in building houses of moderate size to be rented at low prices to poor families.

—Mr. FROUDE is about to lecture, on a theme quite novel, to the Edinburgh Philosophical Society, viz., "The Uses of a Landed Gentry."

—Mr. G. O. TREVELYAN, M.P., who so cleverly put together the *Life of Lord Macaulay*, is about to prepare a selection from Lord MACAULAY's writings, to which he will append explanatory notes. It will be reproduced here.

—The copyright of a popular photograph is quite a small fortune. That of the Prince of Wales in his Masonic regalia, which belonged to Mr. CHARLES WATKINS, a popular London photographer, was recently sold at auction for $900.

—The new Sultan has a passion for art carpentry and wood carving, and regularly practices at them in a private workshop. Probably the most potent person in Turkey, after his Majesty, is CARL JENSSEN, a Mecklenburg German, who was so long employed in the prince's shop, and proved himself so ingenious a carver, that he became HAMID's sole confidant. CARL is received with marked familiarity in the imperial palace, is permitted to chat with the Sultan's chief wife—his first love—and has already excited the demonstrative jealousy of an army of exalted personages.

—The richest woman in England, from rentals of real estate, is the Hon. Mrs. MEYNELL INGRAM, who has an income of $200,000 a year. Lady BURDETT-COUTTS has an income twice as large, but hers is mostly in stocks, bonds, and that sort of thing.

—The Emperor of Brazil is about to publish an account of his travels in the Old and New Worlds. The first volume is complete, and contains an account of his travels in the United States. The book will be printed in Paris, though the emperor has written it in Portuguese. It has been translated into English, French, and German, and will be published in December.

—The incomes of the principal European crowned heads are as follows: Czar of Russia, $25,000 a day; Sultan of Turkey, $18,000; Emperor of Austria, $10,000; Emperor of Germany, $8200; King of Italy, $6440; Queen of England, $6720; King of the Belgians, $1643; President of the French Republic, $500. The salary of the President of the United States is $137 per day.

—Commodore VANDERBILT is fortunate in this, that he has so trained up his son WILLIAM H. and his grandsons CORNELIUS and WILLIAM that they are perfectly competent to take, as indeed for some time past they have taken, the responsible management of his vast railway interests. Mr. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT was fifty-five on the 8th of May last. He married when quite young, and has a family of eight children, some of whom are married. He farmed it in a gentlemanly way on Staten Island; but when the Commodore got control of the Hudson River road, he needed all the trustworthy talent that was available, and WILLIAM was summoned from the farm to take the vice-presidency. The oldest boys bore severally the names of their grandfathers, the first being a CORNELIUS and the second WILLIAM KISSAM. There is an older CORNELIUS (WILLIAM's brother). This makes three CORNELIUS VANDERBILTS now living, the youngest being treasurer of the Central-Hudson—an office worth $10,000 a year. Although only thirty-two, he is in handsome circumstances. A few years ago he met his grandfather on a New-Year's Day, and the former said, in reply to the usual greeting, "CORNELIUS, you have been a good boy; here is a little present for you." As he said this he placed in his hands a check for $50,000. The next son (WILLIAM) is twenty-six, and has for several years served as private secretary to his father—an office worth $3000 a year. WILLIAM thus has his sons in close intimacy with him in the grand business of life—the administration of the railway empire. Two of his daughters are married, one being the wife of the noted carpet dealer SLOAN, whose warehouse is one of the features of Broadway. The other married Colonel SHEPHERD. WILLIAM still retains his Staten Island farm, and likes to look at the place where he passed his humblest and happiest hours. It is a meadow of one hundred acres, and has a row of cherry-trees a mile in length. He was brought up (by his mother at least) to attend the Reformed Dutch Church, but of late years he has become an Episcopalian, and is a member of the vestry of St. Bartholomew's Church, in Madison Avenue.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OFFICIAL returns of the election in Indiana, as published in that State, give Williams a plurality of 5084. None of the Democratic candidates for State offices received a majority, but were elected by pluralities of from 4211 for one of the Supreme Court judges to 7133 for Superintendent of Public Instruction.

According to the latest returns, the complexion of the West Virginia Legislature remains unchanged, the new body being Democratic by exactly the same majority as that of 1876.

A passenger train on the Central Railroad of New Jersey ran off the track on an open switch at Evona on the night of the 24th ult., and was badly wrecked. Three persons were killed and several injured.

Spotted Tail has been installed as chief of the Sioux nation by authority of the President and Secretary of War.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE correspondence of the *North German Gazette* from St. Petersburg denies the more alarming reports, such as those of the concentration of large forces on the Turkish frontier and the calling out of the reserves. The writer says the army is not yet on a war footing. Only preliminary measures have been taken, so that in case of need a considerable army could be in readiness without delay.

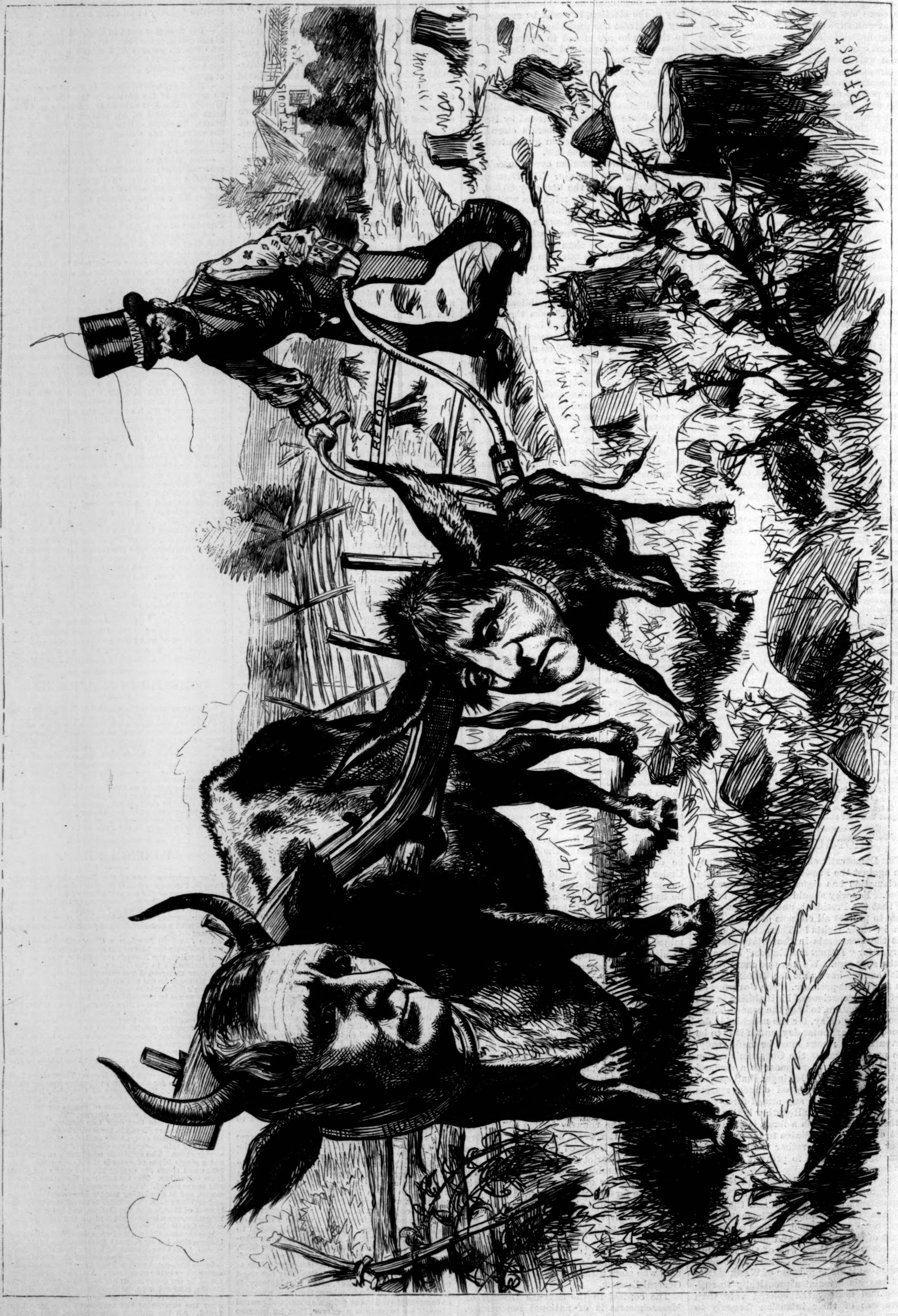
The *Phare du Bosphore*, a Constantinople newspaper, publishes the text of the speech delivered by General Ignatieff, the Russian embassador, on presenting his credentials to the Sultan. General Ignatieff said the Czar understood the difficulties of the situation, and although he did not dissimulate his sympathy for Turkey's Sclavonic subjects, he trusted existing difficulties would be removed so that the Sultan might improve the condition of his subjects. The Sultan replied in a similar conciliatory strain. He hoped the Czar would contribute toward facilitating reforms.

The Spanish *Official Gazette* publishes a circular strictly limiting Non-conformist worship to the interior of chapels and cemeteries.

Another revolution occurred in San Domingo, on the 5th ult., in favor of ex-President Gonzales. President Espaillat made no resistance.

A Calcutta dispatch to the London *Times* states that the prospects for the crops in Bombay become daily more gloomy. The districts of Candeish, Nassuck, Ahmednuggur, Poonah, Sholapore, Kaladgi, and Dharmar, containing a population of nearly six millions, are threatened with severe distress. The local government estimates that over two hundred thousand persons must be relieved in three districts alone. The monsoon (spring) crops have entirely failed, and the absence of rain prevents the sowing of the rubbee and winter crops. The Collector of Poonah reports that not a single blade of grass is visible for miles. The tanks and rivers are drying up, and cattle are dying from starvation. The Collector at Sholapore gives a still worse report. The government has opened relief works, and is employing people in excavating tanks and making roads. The districts threatened lie directly west of Bombay, in the Deccan, and being without irrigation, are wholly dependent on the rainy seasons which follow the two monsoons.

It is reported that a social conspiracy and attempted insurrection, led by Señores Ruiz Zorilla and N. Salmeron, have been discovered by the Spanish authorities. Eighteen generals and one hundred and eight persons connected with politics have been arrested as accomplices in the conspiracy. Among the documents found by the government are decrees signed by Ruiz Zorilla, conferring public appointments upon the intended leaders of the insurrection. Bonds redeemable after the success of the movement have also been found. All the military men arrested were on the half-pay list.


ST. LOUIS
TAMMANY
REFORM
A.B.FROST

THE DEMOCRATIC TEAM.

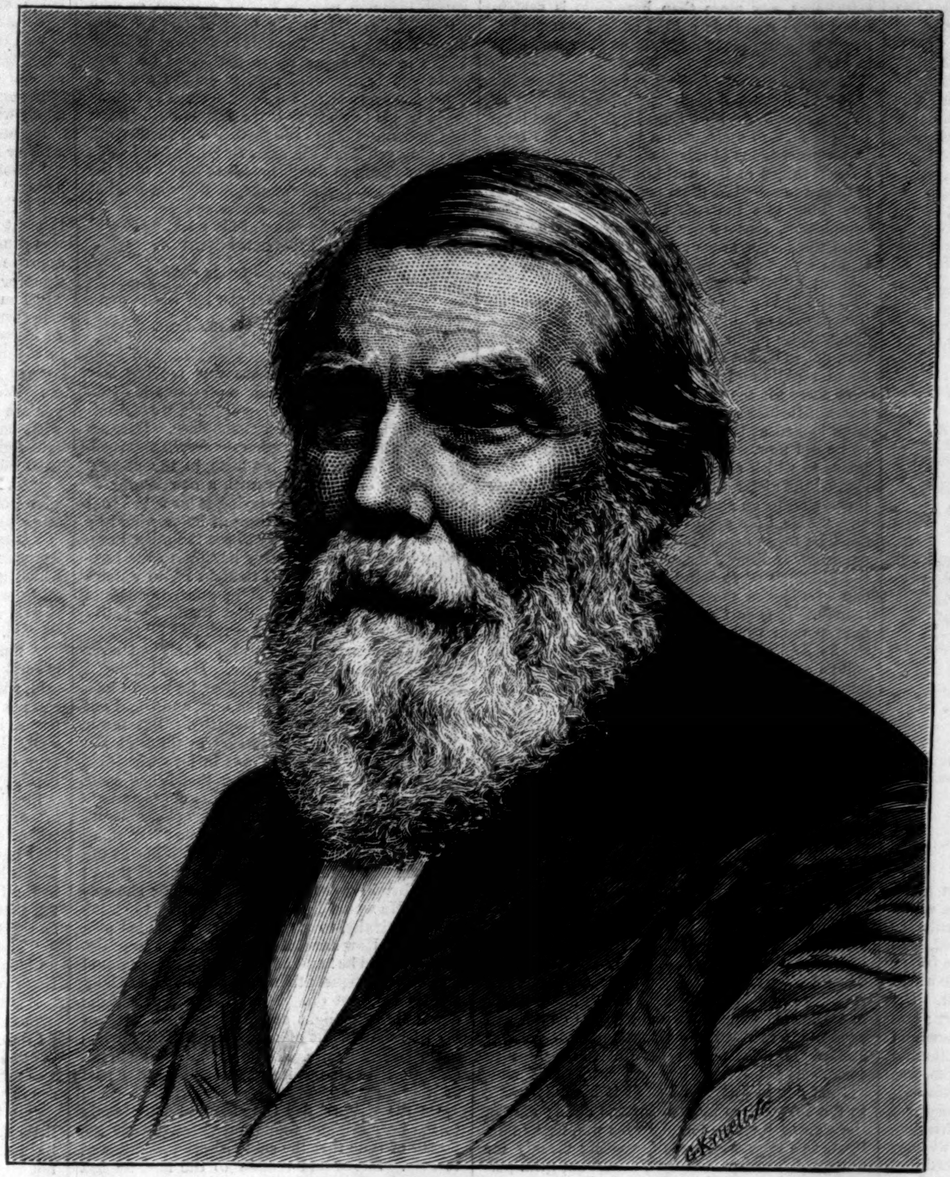
"THOU SHALT NOT PLOW WITH AN OX AND AN ASS TOGETHER."

THE LATE REV. JOHN P. DURBIN, D.D.

THE Rev. Dr. JOHN P. DURBIN, late Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, closed his complete and well-rounded life, in this city, on the 19th day of October. His active labors extended over a period of fifty-three years, during all of which he was one of the very foremost men of Methodism in the United States. He was born in Bourbon County, Kentucky, in 1800. His early educational advantages were slender, but they were well improved. In the year 1819 he entered the traveling ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was appointed to a circuit in Kentucky. His efforts during this period to acquire knowledge were incessant. Under great disadvantages he pursued his studies with an ardor which no discouragements could quench. Not long after his entrance upon ministerial duty he was stationed near Oxford, Ohio, the seat of Miami University. Here he entered himself regularly as a student, attending recitations during the week, and on Sundays preaching to his congregation. His proficiency must have been remarkable, for soon after graduation he was appointed Professor of the Latin and Greek Languages in Augusta College, Kentucky. While holding this position he made a visit to the States east of the Alleghanies, and electrified all who heard him by his eloquence. In 1831 he was elected Chaplain to Congress, where he established a national reputation as a pulpit orator. Among his hearers in Washington were President JACKSON, CLAY, WEBSTER, CALHOUN, and other statesmen of great name. The tradition of the effect produced by some of his sermons preached in the hall of the House of Representatives remained long after the time of their delivery. The characteristics of Dr. DURBIN's eloquence were simplicity and clearness of statement, vivid description, and appeal which at the close of each discourse poured itself out with torrent force. In action he was perfect. He appeared always to possess his emotion rather than to be possessed by it; in the most impassioned passages of his sermons he was entirely master of himself. His sway over large audiences, no matter of what elements made up, was absolute.

Dr. DURBIN was for a short time editor of the *Christian Advocate* of this city. In the year 1834 he was elected president of Dickinson College, and held the office eleven years, resigning in 1845. He was in the truest sense the founder and upbuilder of this institution. His influence over young men was very strong, and his success as an educator enough to satisfy any ambition. After a short interval spent in the pastorate, Dr. DURBIN was in 1850 appointed Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. To this service he devoted himself wholly during his remaining years. His talents for administration were such as are rarely joined with the oratorical temperament. As an executive officer he united deep enthusiasm for Christian missions with a prudence which was seldom at fault. The prosperity of the Methodist Missionary Society while under his direction was such that its annual revenues rose from $80,000 to $600,000. In 1872 he surrendered this important trust to the General Conference, sitting in Brooklyn, receiving the thanks and reverence of the Church to which he had so wholly dedicated his life.

Dr. DURBIN was in every sense a great man. His oratorical fame belongs to the annals of a past generation; many now live, however, who have a perfect recollection of his pulpit power. His skill as an administrator would have enabled him to fill any post in church or state. His judgment was clear and penetrating, his tact unfailing, his manner polished, his sense of right incorruptible. He pursued justice always, and in all his living was the high-toned Christian gentleman. Few men have died of late who have filled so large a space in the ecclesiastical history of the United States.

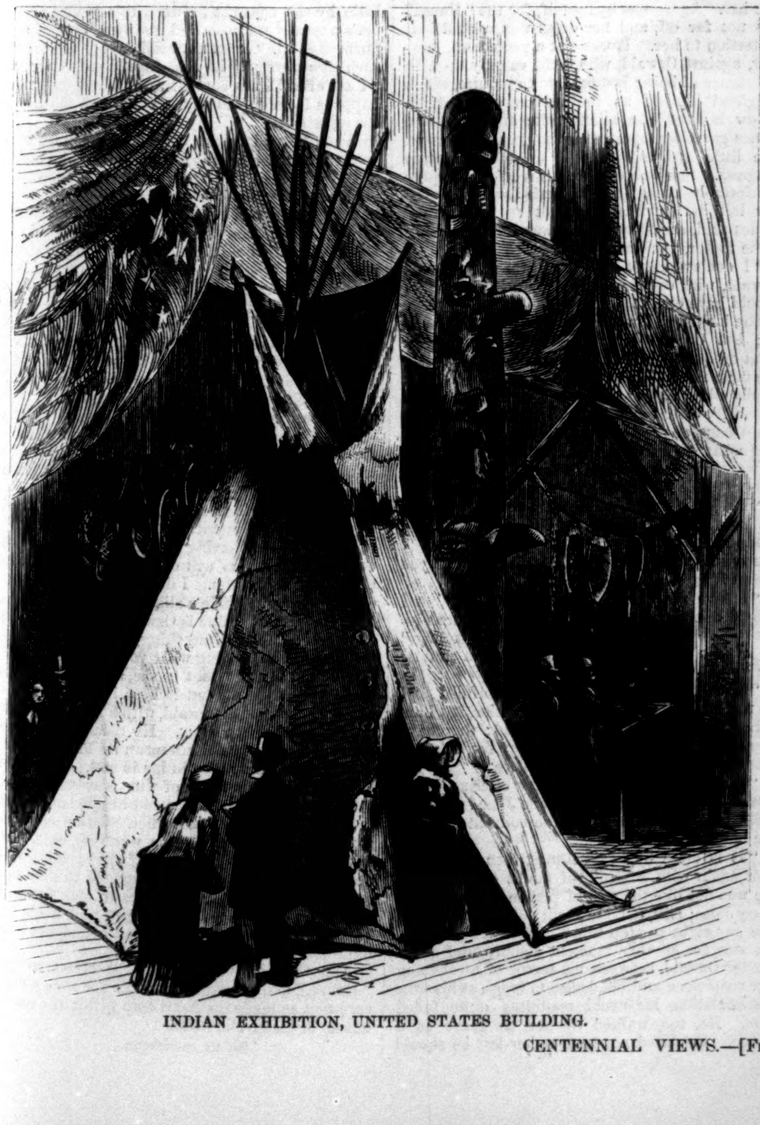


THE REV. DR. JOHN P. DURBIN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. KURTZ.]

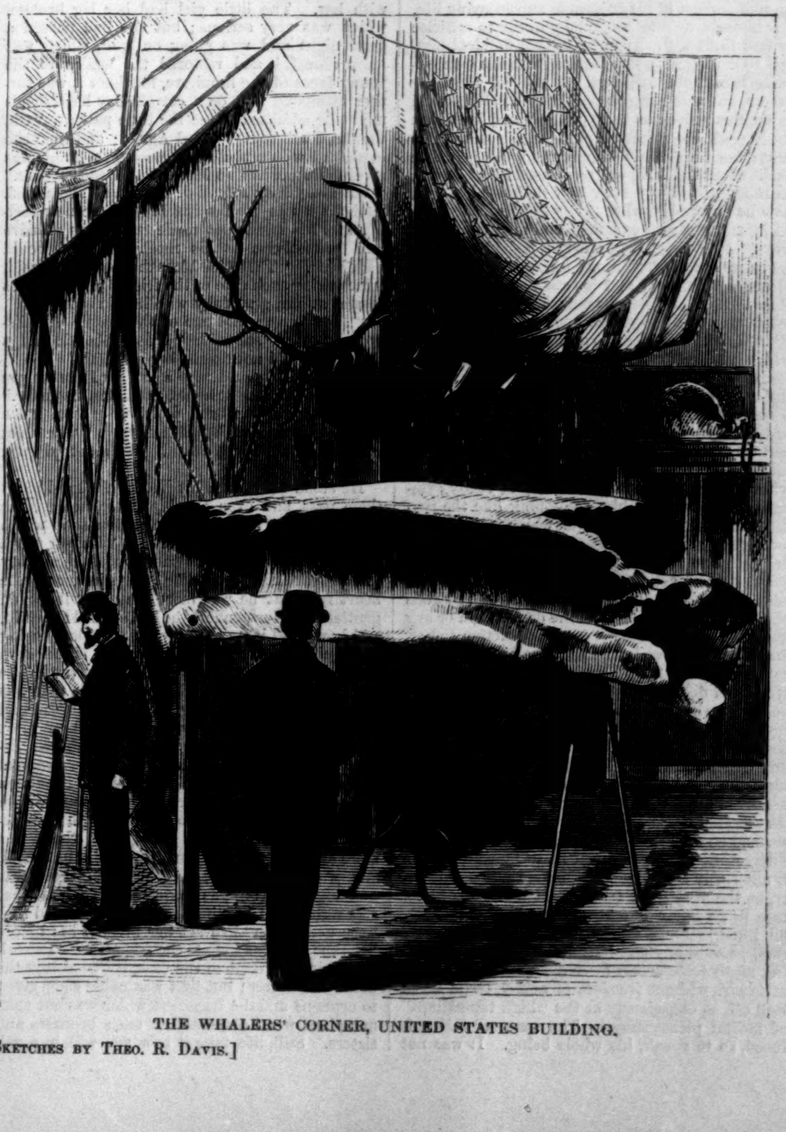
CENTENNIAL VIEWS.

ON this page we give two interesting sketches from the pencil of Mr. THEO. R. DAVIS, taken in the United States Building. One of them presents a view of an Arrapaho Indian tent, made of buffalo-skins, from which the hair has been removed by soaking in water and beating with rods. The poles on which the skins are stretched are the most valuable part of the structure, as they are generally brought from a great distance, whereas the skins can be obtained any where on the plains. The interior of the tent is blackened by the smoke of the fire, which, when the tent is in use as a dwelling, is kindled on the ground in the centre. Just behind the tent is shown a "totem" post, from Alaska, covered with rude carvings—a sort of shrine which the Indians consult for good luck before setting out on a journey or engaging in any important enterprise. Hung around the tent are snow-shoes, bow cases, and other articles of Indian manufacture and use. It is a singular fact that the Quaker visitors to the Centennial appear to take more interest in this Indian display than in any other part of the Exhibition.

The other illustration shows the "Whalers' Corner," which occupies a position near the centre of the government building. It is a very full and interesting exhibit, containing specimens of every thing pertaining to the pursuit and capture of the whale, the trying out of blubber, etc. Here may be seen



INDIAN EXHIBITION, UNITED STATES BUILDING.



THE WHALERS' CORNER, UNITED STATES BUILDING.

CENTENNIAL VIEWS.—[FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

all the implements used by whalemen, from the oldest styles to the latest and most improved inventions, and also a perfect model of a whale-ship. The most conspicuous object in the illustration is the skull of a whale, with a portion of the upper jaw. Other marine curiosities are also to be seen in this section, such as the formidable weapon of the sword-fish, the size of which may be judged from the figure of the man in front of it. The exhibit attracts great attention.

FAREWELL, SWALLOW.

Oh, sister Swallow, stay thy wing,
And hear what Love will say,
Ere thou dost join thy lord the Spring
In countries far away!

Bright are the lands where thou wilt roam,
And green the myrtles' leaves;
But here is built thy pleasant home,
Thy nest beneath the eaves.

Did I not watch thee in the spring,
When skies were gray above,
And laugh to see thy glancing wing,
And give thee tender love—

A love that holds the sweetest proof,
Unbroken though we part?
For thou not only shared my roof,
Thou also shared my heart.

"Bird of Return," farewell! farewell!
Speed on thy southward track;
Where we may roam none can foretell,
But may Love bring us back!

CARITÀ.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LITTLE GIRL IN THE HOSPITAL.

Oswald Meredith had a new direction given to his thoughts. He was not, as may be easily divined, so clever as Cara gave him credit for being, nor, indeed, as his family supposed, who knew him better than Cara did; but he was full of fancy and a kind of gay, half-intellectual life which might be called poetic as far as it went. His head was full of the poets, if not of poetry; and a certain joyous consciousness of existence and of well-being, which made his own pursuits and enjoyments beautiful and important to him, was in all he did and said. He was not so much selfish as self-occupied, feeling a kind of glory and radiance about his youth, and conscious freedom and conscious charms which elated him, without any absolute vanity or self-love. Naturally all the people who were equally self-occupied, or whose temperaments ran counter to Oswald's, took it for granted that he was vain and selfish; and those who loved him best were often impatient with him for this happy contentment, which made him pleased with his own aimless ways and indifferent to every thing that demanded any exertion from him which would interfere with the smooth current of his enjoyable and enjoying life. For himself, he was too good-natured to criticise or find fault with any one; having no ideal himself to derange his satisfaction with his own circumstances and behavior, he had no ideal for others, and was quite content that they too should enjoy themselves as they pleased, and find each for himself the primrose paths which suited him best; but he did not inquire into the primrose paths of others. He was so pleased with his own, so ready to tell any body how delightful it was, how he enjoyed it, what pretty fancies it abounded in, and pleasant evenings, and merry sunshiny ways. Of Edward, who worked, he had the kindest toleration, as for an odd fellow who found his pleasure that way; and his mother, who sympathized with every body, he regarded also, with half-laughing, satisfied eyes, as one whose peculiar inclinations laid her open to a charge of "humbug," which, perhaps, was not quite without foundation. Let every body follow their own way; that was the way in which, of course, they found most pleasure, he said to himself, and in the lightness of his heart had no idea of any other rule. Cara had brought in a new and very pleasant element into his life; he liked to go to her and tell her what he was doing, and receive that ready sympathy which was to him something like the perfume of flowers—a thing for which it was quite unnecessary to make any return, but which was delightful to receive, and add a something more exquisite and delicate to the very atmosphere in which this young demi-god lived caressed by gods and men. What more could he do for Cara or any one but communicate his own satisfaction to her, make her a sharer in the pleasure he felt in himself and his life? He was "very fond" of Cara. He would not, for a moment, have permitted any one to take her companionship and sympathy from him. To tell Cara, was not that the first thing that occurred to him when any thing happened, any new gratification or success? As for hearing from her in return what thoughts came into her little head, what happened in her quiet life—that did not occur to Oswald. To talk of himself seemed so much more natural and so much more interesting to Cara as well as to himself. Was it not really so? He was a man, three-and-twenty, at the very most triumphant moment of life, free to go any where he pleased, to do any thing he liked, strong, clever, handsome, sufficiently rich. Could any circumstances be more delightful, more satisfactory? No woman, let alone a little girl, without freedom of action, could be so well off, so consciously at the "high top-gallant" of mortal pleasantness. The sense of this suffused, so to speak, his whole being. It was not selfishness, any more than happiness is selfishness; there was even a kind of spontaneous unconscious gratitude in it for all the pleasant things in his lot.

It was with this feeling strong in his mind that he had walked along the streets the day of the accident to the little school-girl. It had been just his luck to meet with a true Perugino face. Little processions of school-children are the commonest things in the world, but you might have passed a hundred of them before you came upon any thing like the soft Umbrian glow of that complexion, that tender roundness of the soft form, the devout, sweet eyes. The incident itself, it was true, was something of a break upon the general felicity; but Oswald was able to hope that the little girl whom he had carried with the utmost care and kindness to the hospital, with a sympathetic pallor on his handsome face, would turn out to be not so much hurt, or at least would mend rapidly and be none the worse. He felt very sorry for the poor little thing, yet felt there was a little luck in it, for otherwise he could only have looked at the Perugino, not spoken to her as he did now. He found out the name of the house to which she belonged, and asked permission of the Sister who had been in charge of the procession to go and inquire for the little sufferer. "Alas, I am afraid for a long time inquiries must be made here!" she said, but gave him her name, Sister Mary Jane, with natural pleasure in the kindness of so handsome a young man, and one who looked so *comme il faut* and like a gentleman. It is just as good of an ugly and common person to be kind, but somehow nobody thinks so, and Oswald's anxiety to hear of the child's progress showed exceptional virtue in the mind now of the good Sister. "Never say the upper classes are indifferent to other people's welfare," said Sister Mary Jane. "I don't believe a working-man could have shown half so much feeling." And young Agnes, in the novices' class, said nothing against it, but admired secretly and wondered why he had looked at her so, and whether by any chance they might ever meet again. Oswald, for his part, went away from the hospital with his head full of that new "poem" which he had begun on the spot, even before the *rapprochement* of the accident—

"From old Pietro's canvas gently spring,
Fair face!"—

That was all the length he got; he discarded the other line and a half which I have already recorded, and went about all day musing on that "fair face!" to himself. It made a suggestive break in the verse which was delightful to him, and gave him a point of pleasure the more—pleasure and piquant suggestion of other sweetness to come.

Next day he went, as he felt it his duty to do, to the hospital to inquire for the child; and in the waiting-room he found, to his wonder and delight, the Perugino herself, waiting meekly for news, but accompanied by a somewhat grim personage, who would have been the lay Sister of a Roman Catholic Sisterhood, but whom Oswald did not know (nor do I) how to classify in the spick and span new conventual system of Anglicanism. She kept apart with humility, but she kept her eye from under the poke-bonnet fixed upon the young lady whom she attended, so that Oswald was able to exchange only a few words with her. The little girl had her leg broken, which was very serious; but she had passed a good night and was going on well, which was more cheerful, and restored the smiles to the young faces of the inquirers, to whom it was further intimated that on a certain day her friends might be admitted to see the little patient. "Oh, thanks, I will come!" cried Agnes; and then she explained with a blush that poor little Emmy was an orphan, and had no friends out of the "House." "But every body is fond of her there," she added. Perhaps it was the coming in of some new feeling into his mind that made Oswald as effusive and sympathetic as his mother herself would have been. "Then God bless the House," he said, "for taking such care of the friendless!" Agnes looked at him gratefully with humid eyes.

"Then you are not one of the people who disapprove of it?" she said. "Indeed, they do things there we could not do staying at home."

"Ah," said Oswald, with a smile, "I can see you are wanted to stay at home, and I don't wonder."

The girl shrank back a little. "I am not a Sister," she said, with girlish dignity. "I am not good enough. I only teach. We must go back now."

He stood aside with his hat in his hand to let them pass, and even the lay Sister, not used to courtesies, was moved by the politeness in which her humble person had a share. "I never saw a more civil-spoken gentleman," she said, as they went toward the "House." Agnes in her private heart felt that he was more than a civil-spoken gentleman. How tenderly he had carried the child, and how good it was to take the trouble of going to inquire after her; and what kind enthusiasm was in his face when he bade God bless the House for taking care of the friendless! Ah, that was how it ought to be thought of! The bread and butter of the little orphans was somehow more noble than that bread and butter which had disgusted her at home when all her little brothers and sisters were squabbling for it, and mamma scolding the elder girls for letting them make such a noise, and the whole house filled with insubordination and confusion. Her work there was more satisfactory, and Louisa, who did not mind, and who scolded back again when there was scolding going on, was quite enough for all that was wanted. But still Agnes felt very glad that "the gentleman" had set her present life before her thus again as help to the friendless. In reality, taking the facts of the case, it was always the bread and butter; but that was noble when given to orphans and the friendless which was but commonplace when dispensed to one's brothers and sisters. Still, life, take it how you will, in a vulgarish common rectory full of children, or in a "House" devoted to the help of one's fellow-creatures, is an unheroic sort of affair at the best. There is no making up to that ideal that flies from you further and further as life goes on. Does not every thing turn into commonplace as one's hands touch it, as one executes it, the great imagination gliding ever further and further off, mocking you from the skies? So Agnes felt as she went back to the "House" to go on with the lessons of the little orphans, in their somewhat dingy school-room all the afternoon.

As for Oswald, he pursued his walk, more and more delighted with this new adventure.

"From old Pietro's canvas feebly sprung,
The gentle form devouring to my heart,
Of that dear image, sweet and fair and young,
Image beloved of art;
Which in all ages represents the dream
Of all perfection"—

Here he broke down; there was nothing fitly rhyming to "dream" which would suit his subject, unless it was something about a "wondrous theme," which would be commonplace. Here accordingly he stuck, with other monosyllables rushing about hopelessly in his head, in the pleased excitement of a rhymster with a new source of inspiration. Better than staying at home! What would be better than staying at home would be to take this Perugino away to see the other Peruginos in the world, to carry her off to the loveliest places that could be thought of, to wander with her by river-sides and in green woods and by summer seas. Italy! that would be better than staying at home, better than the "House" with its orphans. Such an idea as this had never crossed Oswald's mind before. He had thought that he had been in love—indeed, he was in love (was not he?) with Cara even now, and could not be content without her sympathy. But never before had he felt it necessary to think of the other, of the individual he was in love with, first before himself. Now, however, that it had come to him to do this, he did it in his characteristic way. How sweet it would be to carry her off from all these vulgar scenes, to show her every thing that was beautiful, to show himself to her as the very source of felicity, the centre of every thing! A teacher in a charity school, of course she was poor. He would like to make her rich, to clothe her beautifully, to give her part of all his own delights. How sweet it would be! and how grateful she would be! and how those liquid eyes would look full of eloquent thanks! He laughed at himself as he went on. Why, this was something new, another delight added to the pleasures of his life, the delight of generosity, which he had never known before. To be sure, it was all in imagination; but is not imagination the better part of life?

On the visitors' day Oswald went back again to the hospital, and found out there exactly the length of time that the said visitors were allowed to stay. She would remain to the last, he felt sure, to comfort the little patient. And his pains were successful. At the last moment, when the doors were almost closing, she came running through the great hall apologizing to the porter for being so late, the ladyhood of the light figure and soft step showing very distinctly after the crowd of good, honest, anxious women, mothers or wives of the patients who had come out before her. Agnes was by herself, for the "House" was not far off, and her dress was a sufficient protection to her. It was not a protection, however, against Oswald, who came eagerly up with a pretense of being just too late to inquire, which delighted himself as the cleverest expedient. "How is she?" he asked, quite anxiously, and Agnes gave her report with the greatest gravity. The little girl was making quite satisfactory progress. She was very well cared for and quite comfortable, though she had cried when her visitor left her. "That was not so wonderful," Agnes said, seriously, "for I was like a sight of home to her, you know."

"I don't think it was at all wonderful," said Oswald, with equal gravity; "had it been me, I should have cried too."

She looked at him suspiciously with rising color; but Oswald looked innocence itself. He went on quietly walking by her side as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "Are your pupils all orphans," he asked, "or are others received?" with the air of a philanthropist who has troops of poor children to dispose of. This was what Agnes thought, and the "House" was in want of funds, as where is the "House" that is not? She answered with some eagerness.

"I think if they have lost one parent. I know we have widows' children, and they are very glad if kind people will send children to be paid for," she said. "But perhaps that was not what you meant?"

"I have not got any children to send; but I should like to subscribe to such an excellent institution. Charities are often so unsatisfactory," he said, in his most solemn tone, with a gravity which was portentous.

"Yes, I suppose so," she said, doubtfully. "I do not know very much about charities, but I am sure the Sisters would be very glad; they have more to do than they have money for, I know. They are always wanting to do more."

"I suppose I might send my offering," said Oswald, clumsily, to Sister Mary Jane? If you will kindly show me where the convent is I will see her at once."

"It is close by," said Agnes, then looked at him again with a shade of doubt on her face. He was not like the sort of person to visit Sister Mary Jane; still, if he brought subscriptions, had she any right to stop him? She went along by his side for another moment demure and quiet. As for Oswald, between his terror of awakening her suspicions and his desire to laugh at his own dissimulation, his usual readiness quite failed him. He, too, walked by her as grave as a judge. He dared not look at her lest he should laugh, and he dared not laugh lest he should destroy his chances once and for all.

"I have seen convents abroad," he said at last, "but none in England. Forgive my curiosity; are the same rules observed? Is there a Lady Superior, Abbess, or Prioress, or— Don't be angry with me if I show my ignorance."

"I never was abroad," said Agnes; "there is a Sister Superior, that is all."

"Then I suppose the Abbesses exist only in name?" he said, with an insinuating smile.

"I have not read many books." Then she thought she was perhaps uncivil to a man who was coming with a subscription. "Papa did not approve of light books, and I have not much time for reading now."

"You have not been there long? Is the routine severe? Don't think I am asking from mere curiosity," said Oswald; "indeed, I have a motive in wishing to know."

"Oh no, not severe; there is a great deal to do. We have to attend to all the children. If you are fond of children it is not at all hard; but what one wishes for is to be quiet sometimes," said Agnes; "that is not so easy when the place is so full."

"Ah! I know a girl who has too much quiet, who would like to be in a full house and hear other people's voices."

"Lots are very different in this world," said Agnes, with gentle wisdom; "one can not tell which to choose. The only safe thing is to do one's best; to aim at something good."

"Or to make the best of what we have," said Oswald.

A flush of sudden color came to her face. "It is surely best to aim at something above us," she said, with some confusion; "just to be content can not be the highest good, if what we have by nature is nothing but what others can do just as well. Is not that a reason for taking the matter into one's own hands and trying something better?"

Special pleading! He could see in her eyes, in her every expression, that this was her own case which she was arguing with such warmth, and that indeed there was some doubt in her mind as to this highest idea which she had followed. And in the fervor of the self-argument she had forgotten that she did not know him, and that he had no right to be walking thus familiarly by her side.

"The worst is," he said, "that when we follow an ideal, the result is sometimes disappointment. Have you not found it so?"

She blushed very deeply, and cast a wondering glance up at him, astonished at his penetration. "I did not say so," she cried. "I am not disappointed, only one did not think of all the details. But things are never so beautiful as what things are in your imagination, that is all."

"It is always so," he said, stealing always a little further on. "For then this world would be a sadly unsatisfactory place, and life would not be worth living."

"Ah, every body says so," cried Agnes; "that is what I always rebel at. Because one thing disappoints you, why should every thing? They say the world is so bad, all full of delusion; but God made it. It can not be so bad if we took pains enough to find out what is best."

Oswald's heart was touched by the eagerness in her face and the beauty of its dimples, but a little by the contrast between this young creature's abstract purpose and his own want of any purpose at all. "I am not good enough to keep up such an argument," he said, ingenuously enough; "I am afraid I am content to get along just as it happens from day to day. You make me blush for myself."

When he said this an overpowering blush covered the face which was turned toward him under the poke-bonnet. "Oh, what have I been saying!" she cried, crimson with shame and compunction. How she had been talking to a stranger, a man, a person whose very name she did not know! What would the Sisters say? what would mamma say if she knew? Would not this heinous offense against all the proprieties prove every thing they had ever said against her independent outset in the world? And he, what could he think? Agnes wished the pavement might open and swallow her up—as it had done once or twice before—not very quiet crises of history. She could not run away from him; that would be a worse folly still, especially as the "House" was already in sight. But she shrank away from him as far as the narrow pavement would permit, and did not dare to look at him again.

"You have said nothing but what it was good to say," he said, hurriedly. "Do not be angry with yourself for having spoken to me. I am not unworthy of it. It will do me good, and it can not have harmed you. I do not even know your name"—here he made a slight pause, hoping she might tell him—"mine is Oswald Meredith. I am not much good; but if any thing could make me better it would be hearing what you have said. Life is perhaps too pleasant to me, and I don't take thought enough of what is best, but I will think of you and try," said Oswald, with a little innocent, honest, natural hypocrisy. He meant it for the moment though he did not mean it. A little glow of virtuous feeling rose in his breast. Yes, to be sure, he too would think of what was best in life, and do it. Why not? It would be good and right in itself, and agreeable to her. To be sure he would do it. The resolution was very easy, and gave him a quiet warm glow of virtue and goodness. He had no secret wickedness to give up, or struggles with favorite vices to look forward to. He would be good, certainly, and made up his mind to it with all the bland confidence and light-hearted certainty of a child.

And then he went across the street to the "House," and put down his name for such a subscription as made the heart leap within the sober bosom of Sister Mary Jane.

[to be continued.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The physiological world in England has lately been very much exercised by the probability of the passage of a law of Parliament forbidding the prosecution of experimental researches upon living animals, and every agency at command has been invoked to show the very great injury that will necessarily arise to the cause of science and to the community if such an enactment be definitely made. Thus far, with scarcely an exception, the naturalists and physiologists, while assenting to a certain amount of restriction, protest against being limited in the direction of their researches; and Dr. Benjamin W. Richardson has published a series of papers in *Nature*, presenting his own experiences, and showing the number and character of the researches which have resulted in highly important applications to medical and surgical treatment.

Among the more recent communications on this subject is that relating to the application of the nitrate of amyl—a substance which has been known for many years, but which he claims to have been the first to utilize and apply in cases where nothing else will answer the purpose.

As the result of his experiments upon frogs and other animals, he recommended it as a probable antagonist to tetanus or locked-jaw, and, not long after, an opportunity was offered of testing this in the case of a man who was attacked with the disease. Under the inhalation of the vapor of the nitrate of amyl his muscles relaxed, and whenever the spasm threatened to recur, the administration of the vapor relaxed the contraction. So for nine days, during which an ounce of the remedy was given by inhalation, and death from the spasm was prevented. By thus holding on, the cause of the spasm became inactive, and the recovery was secured.

He quotes also an experiment by Dr. Fowler, of New York, in which this substance was used in a similar case with success; but on an exhaustion of the supply, the attack returned with severity, and after the lapse of sixty hours a re-administration was made, and a final cure effected.

Other special applications of the same substance are in cases of angina pectoris, of acute spasmodic asthma, and of severe colic.

We have already referred to the researches of Mr. Worthington G. Smith upon the life history of the potato disease, and which, according to many botanists, he has succeeded in working out very satisfactorily, and has solved many of the problems connected with its development. He announces that he has concocted a material which is not only a perfect insecticide, with ten times the potency of preparations of sulpho-carbolate of potassium, but is at the same time quickly fatal to all fungoid growths, while it can be so prepared as to be positively useful to plants of the field. Mr. Smith proposes to place this substance in the hands of the public, but which he will probably patent, or the sale of which he will control, as an antidote to *Peronospora infestans*.

Professor James Orton has nearly completed his preparations for the exploration of the river Beni, a little-known tributary of the Madeira River, the largest affluent of the Amazon. Other branches of the Madeira are the Itenez, which forms the dividing line between Brazil and Bolivia, and the Mamore, which flows through the heart of Bolivia, and is navigable six hundred miles. The Beni rises near the city of La Paz, and cuts its way around the base of Illimani, and opens out upon the vast plain of the Upper Madeira. At its mouth it is more than 3000 feet wide, with a depth of eight fathoms. One of its nineteen tributaries, the Mayu-tata, is said to be navigable to within one hundred and fifty miles of Cuzco.

Professor Orton thinks the exploration of the Beni will open to emigration and commerce one of the richest countries on the globe—the mountains of Cuzco, Carabaya, and Apolobamba, a region containing inexhaustible mines of silver and gold, worked by the old Incas and later Spaniards, to say nothing of the dense forests of valuable timber, dye-woods, and medicinal plants. The finest quality of Peruvian bark is gathered from the mountains along the Beni, which is said to be superior to that of Guayaquil. It includes every variety of climate and soil, from the region of perpetual snow down to that of tropical plants.

Professor Orton sums up the special objects of the survey as follows: 1. To solve some of the most interesting and important geographical problems of the day. 2. To search for the traces of the ancient military roads, probably built by the Inca Yupanqui when he invaded that region. 3. To open up the trade of the eastern slope of the Andes with the United States. In Professor Orton's opinion, the search for the source of the Nile, while of not greater interest than that of the Beni, is of very much less commercial value.

No group of animals appears to have so many peculiarities in connection with the act of reproduction and the treatment of the eggs and young as fish, and Mr. W. Saville Kent has lately announced quite a new illustration of this fact in the London *Field*, as shown by observations made at the Westminster Aquarium upon the crested blenny of England. On one occasion his attention was attracted to certain bead-like bodies attached to the fins of one of the specimens lately received. These proved to be eggs, but it was not yet certain whether they were carried by the male or the female fish. Generally, where the eggs are protected by the parent, it is the male that assumes this duty. In the pipe-fish and sea-horse especially the eggs, when laid by the female, are carried under the abdomen of the male until hatched.

Professor P. B. Wilson, of Boston, lately announced the discovery, in the ashes of plants which had been fertilized with the so-called Richmond infusorial earth, of sundry specimens of diatoms, which, in his opinion, had been taken up and assimilated, suggesting to him the general employment of this earth, which occurs sometimes in large quantities, as best supplying the silicas that the cereals and other plants require. The interest taken in the announcement was very great, and it had scarcely appeared before the public when the special microscopists attacked the conclusions as published in the May number of the *American Journal of Science* and in the July number of the *Popular Science Review*. They called attention to the fact that the Richmond infusorial earth is almost exclusively of marine origin, while the forms figured by Professor Wilson as obtained by him from the ashes of plants are of fresh-water origin and totally distinct in genera, among them *Cymatopleura*, of which, with the exception of a very doubtful species, not a single marine species is known. There is also a complete chain of *Bacillaria paradoxa* represented by Professor Wilson as having been taken up bodily into the cuticle of the plant. Neither of these forms is to be found in the Richmond infusorial earth, nor, indeed, any of the others figured.

The critics of Professor Wilson's article furthermore remark that diatoms can at almost any time be found adhering to straw that has been lying on the ground, having taken them up off the soil, which, when washed, exhibit no traces of such organisms.

For some years past the Meteorological Society of Scotland has been endeavoring to ascertain the connection, if any, between the physical conditions of the atmosphere and the water of the sea and the appearance of herring on the coast of Scotland, this fishery being, as is well known, a very important interest in that country, and one employing a large capital and many men. The results of their labors, after a careful consideration of all the facts and conditions, may be summed up in the proposition that the "take" of herring is most abundant when and where the temperature of the sea is lowest. It was found that the temperature of the sea for the east coast of Scotland from the middle of August to the close of the fishing season was continuously and considerably higher in 1875 than in 1874; and that the catch of herring was continuously and considerably lower during 1875 than during the same period in 1874. When the temperature at the surface of the sea was high, the fish were found in the deeper parts of the water, preferring the lower to the higher temperature.

When a thunder-storm has prevailed on any of the days devoted to fishing, a good "take" of herrings may be expected, but on the following day, few if any fish are caught on that part of the coast, unless at the extreme verge of a deep part of the sea, as if the fish were retreating thither. To settle these points on a more definite basis, and to give greater precision to their investigations, the Meteorological Society of Scotland desires the fishermen generally to observe the temperature of the sea at the surface and also at the depth at which the fish strike the coast, the amount of trouble involved in this being very incommensurate with the practical results that promise to be obtained therefrom. By a somewhat similar series of observations, prosecuted by Von Freeden, of Hamburg, it was ascertained that northwest winds are best for large catches of herring, and northerly winds better than southerly, westerly better than easterly; also that moderately strong winds, sufficient to ruffle the surface of the sea, are better than calm weather, and light winds almost as unfavorable as stiff breezes. It is not impossible that before long the herring fishery may be regulated by the thermometer, and that the nets will be shot not at random, as heretofore, but with an almost absolute certainty of finding the fish.

In further illustration of the influence of temperature on the herring fishery of Scotland, we learn that during the week ending August 19 last the temperature of the water off the coast of Northumberland kept at from 58° to 59°, but that on the 21st it fell to 55°, and on this day herring were caught for the first time. Since then the shoals have been so great that several vessels have sustained heavy losses by the weight of the herring carrying the nets to the bottom.

During the whole of the warm weather of the past summer the catch of herring was very light, and it was not until the change of temperature that they came within range of the nets.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The little readers of America have to thank Messrs. Appleton & Co. for a handsome and cheap reprint of the popular child's paper *Chatterbox* for 1876, which the London publishers have held at a price which excluded it from many households where it will now be a welcome visitor. Failing to induce the American agents of the London house to furnish an edition for this country at reasonable rates to large booksellers, the Messrs. Appleton announced their intention to prepare an American edition, to be sold at a price which would place it within the reach of every body—an enterprise which the American agents of our English cousins pooh-poohed as impracticable. But here we have it—a book of more than 400 pages, an exact fac-simile of the London edition, with all the illustrations, long and short stories, poems, and anecdotes in which little readers take such hearty delight. This is by no means the only instance in which English publishers have been foiled in attempting to control the American book market in their own interest. The London edition of Green's *Short History of the English People*, for instance, was exported to this country with the express intention of overriding American competition; but the edition published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, improved by the addition of an elaborate map of England in the nineteenth century, placed the work before American readers at a price which compelled the London publishers to withdraw the foreign edition, and desist from the attempt to force American readers to buy the work as manufactured in London.

The weather plays strange freaks nowadays. Indeed, this whole year has been notable in a meteorological point of view—as a Centennial year properly should be. While yet the green leaves clung unseared to the trees, an October snow whitened the ground in various sections of the country, even as far south as Washington. It was curious to read such an item as this:

"St. John, N. B., *October* 17.—The Quebec train to-day arrived six hours and a half late, having been detained by a snow-storm in the north, where two feet of snow covered the track in some places."

It made people wonder if the old-fashioned Indian summers had gone out of style. A Boston journal informed its readers that snow had fallen in that city in nine instances during the month of October within the past thirty-three years. In 1870 it snowed there as early as the 6th of October, and in 1867, on September 30, there was a regular old-fashioned snow-storm. However, this season the cold winds and frost soon gave place to those hazy, mellow days which are the peculiar charm of autumn. To be sure, in many parts of the country the brilliant foliage, the glory of October, has been noticeably absent—a disappointing circumstance to lovers of nature in general, and to collectors of autumn leaves in particular.

The scanty supply of Croton water in the reservoirs has been the cause of much solicitude of late. In an official statement made by Mr. Campbell, Commissioner of Public Works, he remarks that it is probably not known generally that from June until the present time (October 18), a period of over four months, the drought in the Croton Valley and its tributaries has been unexampled within the past fifty years. Since June 22 no water has run over the Croton Dam except for the short space of four days. The Croton River itself has dwindled to the dimensions of a mere brook, and resort has necessarily been had to the artificial reservoirs at Boyd's Corners, and to the natural lakes of Westchester and Putnam counties. During this period of unprecedented drought, 4,470,000,000 gallons of water have been drawn from the water stored up in these basins. The Commissioner expressed his belief in the necessity of another aqueduct to meet the increasing wants of a great and growing city. Orders have been issued to guard against any needless waste of the Croton, although there is no immediate apprehension that the city will suffer for water.

The total number of admissions to the Centennial Exhibition up to the close of October 19 was 7,620,213.

A gentleman who has been a guest of Governor Hayes during the past summer says that during a long visit he heard the Governor mention his Presidential candidacy but once, which was upon the receipt of a letter of congratulation from the poet Whittier. The Governor, after reading the letter to his family, turned to Mrs. Hayes with the remark, "Well, wife, if we are not elected, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that a great many good men voted for us."

On the "Delaware and Maryland Day" a larger throng was attracted to the Centennial Exhibition than on any previous occasion, except "Pennsylvania Day." The novel event of the day was the tournament—a sport popular in the South, but almost wholly unknown at the North. Something like 75,000 persons gathered on the slope of George's Hill to witness the tournament. Fifteen knights were selected for the contest from a large number who wished to compete. They did not tilt at each other, but at small rings suspended from archways, which they tried to bear off on their lances. To win a prize, the knight must carry off three rings. The game requires skillful horsemanship, a steady hand, and a keen eye, for the rings must be taken by the rider when at full speed, and one after another with great rapidity.

A valuable treasure has been recently received by the Peabody Museum of Yale College—nearly a thousand specimens of ancient pottery dug up in Missouri. They are supposed to be about 2000 years old.

The Methodist ministers of Boston—forty to eight—have passed resolutions disapproving the policy of holding camp-meetings on Sunday.

James Lick, the San Francisco millionaire, was buried, at his own request, on the top of Mount Hamilton, the site of the observatory provided for by one of his trust funds.

Our picture of prize horses at the Centennial Live-stock Show, published in the last number of *Harper's Weekly*, was engraved from photographs by Mr. E. F. Hovey, of Philadelphia. The negatives were made by Mr. John Moran.

In connection with the recent heartless hoax of circulating a false report of Commodore Vanderbilt's death by means of a forged telegram, the law governing forgery designed to influence stocks, etc., may be of general interest. It is found in the laws of 1874, as follows:

"Every person who shall knowingly circulate false intelligence with the intent of depreciating or advancing the market price of the public funds of the United States, or of any State or Territory thereof, or of any foreign country or government, or the stocks, bonds, or evidence of debt of any corporation or association, or the market price of any merchandise or commodity whatever, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished upon conviction thereof by a fine of not exceeding $5000, and imprisonment for a period not exceeding three years, or either."

The law further declares that every person who shall forge the name of any person with intent to advance or depreciate the market price of any funds, bonds, stocks, of gold, silver, or bullion, or any merchandise whatever, shall be punished by imprisonment in a State-prison for a term not exceeding five years.

At the tenth annual meeting of St. John's Guild it was stated that 42,000 persons had been assisted by the guild during the past year. These have been visited at their homes, and help given according to their needs. Over 28,000 sick children were taken on excursions during the summer by the St. John's Floating Hospital.

It is not often that a lady is married by her own mother; but not long ago Mrs. Phœbe A. Hannaford, a minister in Jersey City, performed the marriage ceremony at her daughter's wedding.

The Young Men's Christian Association of New York offers an attractive programme to members during the coming season. The annual ticket is five dollars, which entitles the possessor to a variety of privileges. There are arrangements for healthful exercise, such as gymnasium and bowling-alleys; a course of thirteen popular lectures, the first being on November 3; classes in German, French, Spanish, book-keeping, penmanship, and vocal music; a library of over 11,000 volumes; a reading-room with 360 papers and magazines, both foreign and American; a literary society which meets once a week; monthly social receptions, including readings, concerts, or exhibitions. To the lectures and receptions each member is entitled to bring a lady with him. As is well known, there are also religious privileges of the best and most attractive kind, of which all members may avail themselves—Bible classes, prayer-meetings, social singing services. And young men desiring friendly advice on any question are cordially invited to call on the secretary at his office in the Association Building, or address him by letter.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Found.—"I meant to have told you of that hole," said a gentleman to his friend, who, walking in his garden, stumbled into a pit of water. "No matter," said the friend, "I have found it."

Desirable Quarters—Silver ones.

"I don't think," says old Mrs. Prawn, "that book-keeping is a very sedate employment. They must get," she added, thoughtfully, "so much exercise running up the columns."

Why does a person who is poorly lose his sense of touch?—Because he don't *feel* well.

Romantic Death—A young lady drowned in tears.

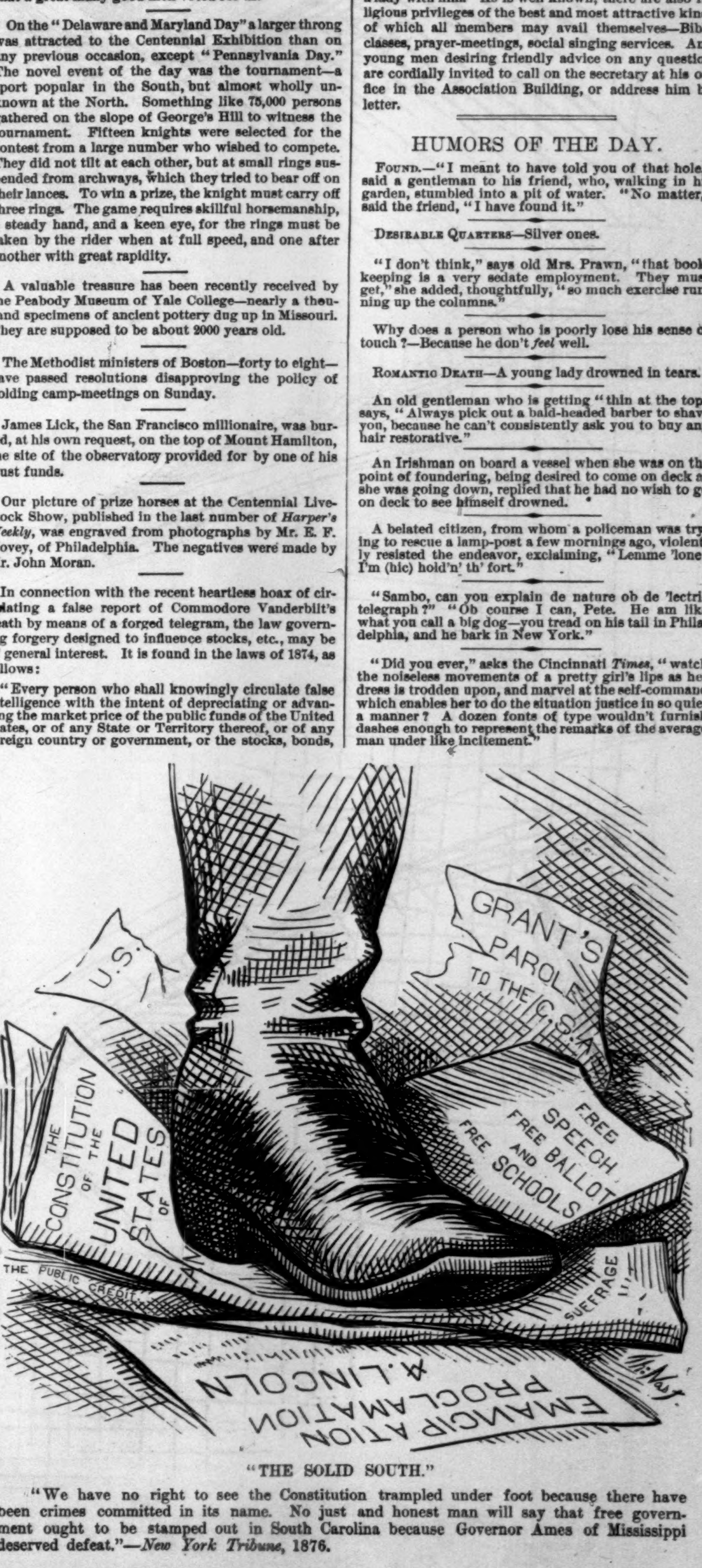
An old gentleman who is getting "thin at the top" says, "Always pick out a bald-headed barber to shave you, because he can't consistently ask you to buy any hair restorative."

An Irishman on board a vessel when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck as she was going down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck to see himself drowned.

A belated citizen, from whom a policeman was trying to rescue a lamp-post a few mornings ago, violently resisted the endeavor, exclaiming, "Lemme 'lone; I'm (hic) hold'n' th' fort."

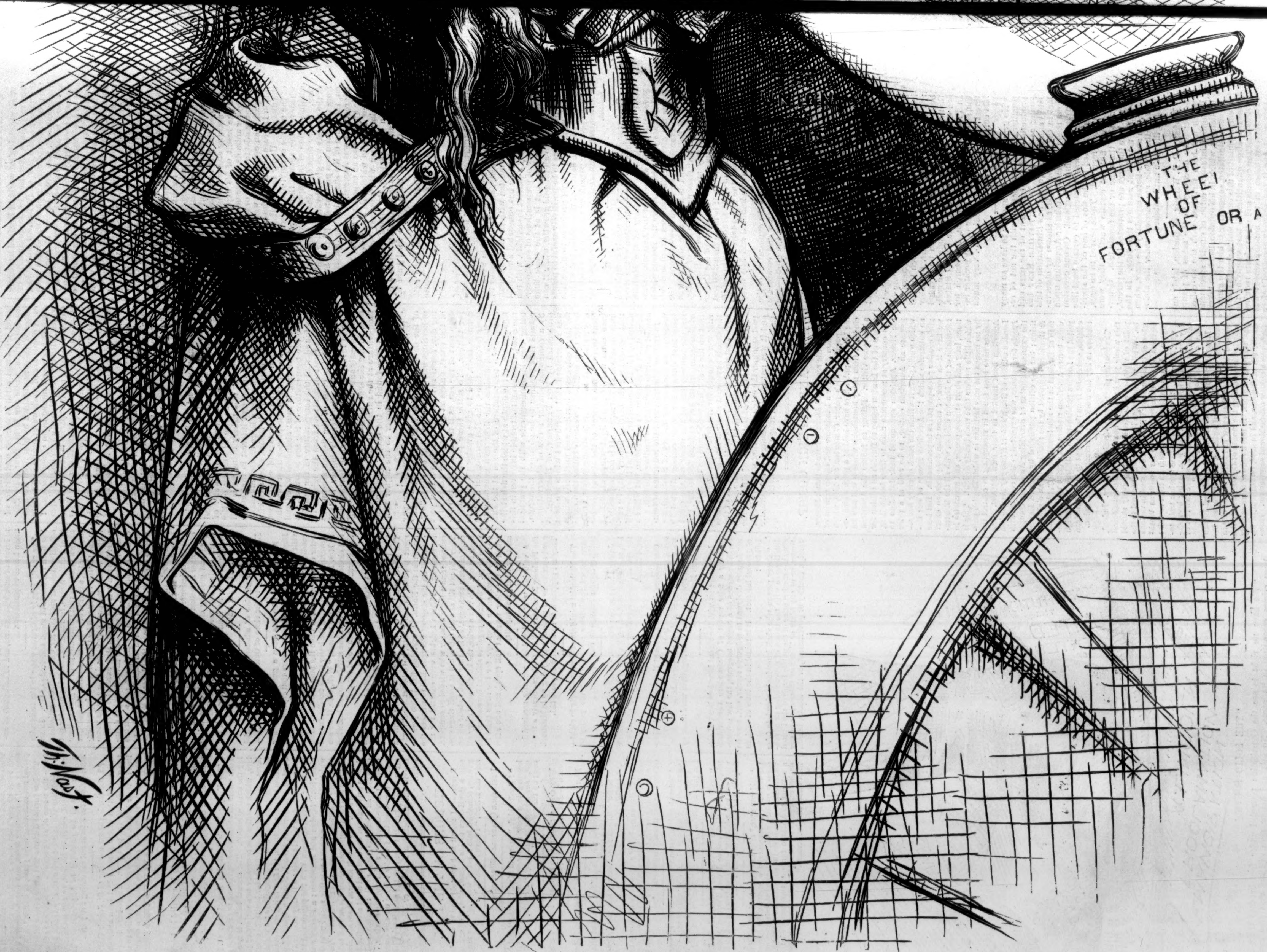
"Sambo, can you explain de nature ob de 'lectric telegraph?" "Ob course I can, Pete. He am like what you call a big dog—you tread on his tail in Philadelphia, and he bark in New York."

"Did you ever," asks the Cincinnati *Times*, "watch the noiseless movements of a pretty girl's lips as her dress is trodden upon, and marvel at the self-command which enables her to do the situation justice in so quiet a manner? A dozen fonts of type wouldn't furnish dashes enough to represent the remarks of the average man under like incitement."


U.S.
GRANT'S PAROLE TO THE C.S.A.
THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF
FREE SPEECH FREE BALLOT AND FREE SCHOOLS
THE PUBLIC CREDIT
SUFFRAGE
EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION A. LINCOLN
Th. Nast.

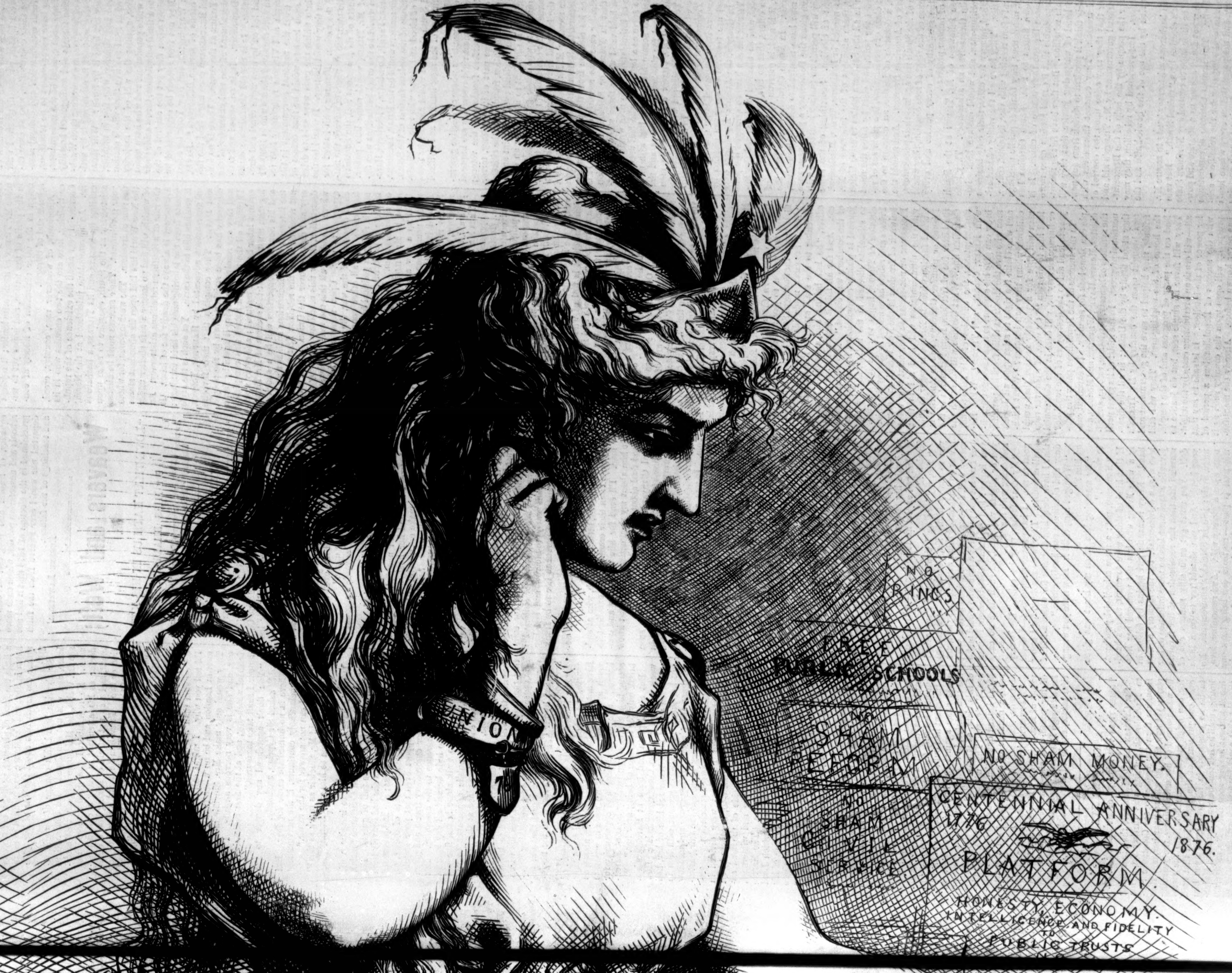
"THE SOLID SOUTH."

"We have no right to see the Constitution trampled under foot because there have been crimes committed in its name. No just and honest man will say that free government ought to be stamped out in South Carolina because Governor Ames of Mississippi deserved defeat."—*New York Tribune*, 1876.


THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE OR A
Th: Nast.

THE POLITICAL LOTTERY.

"AND HERE CHOOSE I. JOY BE THE CONSEQUENCE!"—SHAKSPEARE.


UNION
NO RINGS
FREE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
NO SHAM REFORM
NO SHAM MONEY.
NO SHAM CIVIL SERVICE
CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY 1776 1876.
PLATFORM
HONESTY, ECONOMY. INTELLIGENCE AND FIDELITY TO PUBLIC TRUSTS

THE DANGER AND THE HOPE OF THE REPUBLIC.

The election of 1876 is at hand. Unusual circumstances have invested it with extraordinary importance, and once more, in its Centennial year, the fate of the republic seems to rest upon the result of a single contest. In nearly all the Southern States those men who began the rebellion of 1861, who were beaten, pardoned, received with new favor by their countrymen, who at once entered into fresh combinations and disloyal associations, who have never ceased to be rebellious, have seized upon the control of the government, and with fierce threats and undisguised hostility to all lovers of freedom, are marching upon Washington. If they succeed in capturing it by artifice, may they not hold it by force? Will these men of blood and violence, who, few in number, yet contrived in 1861 to drive their whole section into rebellion, against the will of the majority even of its white population, and who have again reduced it to a timid submission, throw aside their usual practices when they get the control of the nation? May not free speech be suppressed by the rifle in Washington, and New York be ruled by armed bands of savage Democrats? Davis, Toombs, and Beauregard once more lead the followers of Tilden at the South. There is no longer any concealment of the real character of the Southern Democracy. It is an armed and traitorous faction. It is the old Confederate cause revived, and led on by men more cruel and dangerous than were the savage bands who in 1860–61 drove Georgia and Virginia reluctantly into revolt. To trust the national government in the hands of such leaders would be that excess of madness into which the gods were said to drive those whom they would destroy. It would be the suicide of the nation. Flaming with hatred for all patriotic men, the avengers of slavery, the natural products of its poisonous soil, the Southern friends of Mr. Tilden would come into power. Our rulers would be the cruel barbarians who figured at Grant Parish, Coushatta, Vicksburg, Hamburg. Our masters would be the Hills, Toombses, and Hamptons of the violent faction of the South. The men of blood and terror who rule in Mississippi and South Carolina would assume by force the government of the most humane and civilized of nations.

In all other countries where an elective government rules, the most rigid restraints are imposed to preserve the perfect freedom of the voters; in ours, over a large part of its territory, terror and violence, intimidation, fraud, drive the citizens from the polls. In England even the faint suspicion of bribery is sufficient to invalidate an election; a candidate who made gifts of coals and food to some of his constituents was held to have violated the law, and lost his place in Parliament. In France recently M. De Mun was rejected as a Deputy because the Roman Catholic priests sought to enforce his election from the pulpit. In Ireland a similar case was recently decided. It is certain that in France or England no election would be held valid where there was the slightest trace of intimidation. No man would be admitted to serve as a legislator who had used any illegal arts to secure his place. But with us a prize is offered for violence at elections, and the Democracy and Mr. Tilden encourage the men who in Texas and Mississippi would violate the most sacred rights of freemen. In South Carolina, the *Tribune* correspondent relates, the Democratic leaders have imported large quantities of rifles, and are resolved to carry the election by force. In Georgia, the Atlanta *Republican* tells us, the Tilden leaders have so arranged the polling places, and so alarmed and harried the Republican voters, that no fair election can be held. Florida, it is said, is overrun by riotous bands of Democrats. In North Carolina, we are told, the Union men have resolved to defend themselves, and have given the Democracy a plain assurance that they will permit no further interference with the right of election. Something of the same spirit is needed in Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi. In fact, these attempts of the followers of Mr. Tilden in all the Southern States to drive Union men from the polls, and elect by force the most violent class of secessionists, is a plain act of rebellion, a defiance of justice, an outrage to the instincts of American freemen. And should the people of the South rise against their persecutors, in defense of the right of free election, they would have the sympathy of every patriot and every friend of human progress.

These followers of Mr. Tilden at the South proclaim themselves an aristocracy. They hate the working-man, and would enslave him. Impoverished, hungry for office, their only business is politics. They have all the vanity of barbarians, and often reeking with vice, indolent, coarse, savage, murderous, they boast at public meetings their own fitness to rule. South Carolina has once more become their centre of union. It is not improbable that its mad leaders once more meditate rebellion. But they have felt so recently the hand of unsparing justice that they will probably think it prudent to shrink from any new act of treason. They content themselves with hoping that they may seize upon the control of the national government by Mr. Tilden's aid, and plunder the people by the help of the Democratic leaders. Impoverished by rebellion, they may grow rich by the use of the bowie-knife and the rifle.

This barbarous aristocracy trusts to secure Mr. Tilden's election by a "united South." But vain would be their hope to control any Northern State had they not found among us a strange and powerful ally. The Roman Catholic ultramontanes have a natural sympathy for the rebellious aristocracy, and the papal faction every where lends them its support. The foreign Church sustains Mr. Tilden. Little does it care for the danger it brings upon the republic, for the ruin it may inflict upon the land which of all the world has alone offered it a secure shelter, for those generous institutions beneath which it has thriven with such unprecedented prosperity, but which its allies at the South are now laboring to destroy. What does it care for freedom of speech and thought, for liberal education, knowledge, political virtue—the objects in the Old World of its perpetual fear and detestation? It has allied itself openly with the mad secessionists; it employs Mr. Tilden as its favorite leader; it rejoices in the perils of the nation, and hopes yet to triumph in the utter extinction of liberty of conscience and of thought.

Americans, of whatever race, country, creed, or training, here are the two enemies who in its Centennial year assail the existence of the republic. An ultramontane priesthood at the North, guiding its Kellys and its Tildens, a barbarous aristocracy at the South, conspire to seize upon your government. Their success must be almost the ruin of freedom. The working-men, for whom the New World has laid open its abundant stores of wealth, will find no longer a safe shelter under the rule of a Southern rebellious aristocracy. An aristocracy is always the deadly foe of labor. It wrests from the laboring-man his hard earnings; it crushes him to the earth. Yet such is the style of government advocated by Hampton, Toombs, and Davis. They complain that their favorite oligarchy has been stricken down by the people, and they are resolved to revive it again by force. Through all the Southern States this conspiracy against labor has been matured; and every working-man must see that the success of Mr. Tilden and his Southern supporters will be a shock to the interests of the industrious such as they have not received since the rebellion first spread poverty and disaster over the Union. Ruin, waste, destruction, follow this rebellious oligarchy every where. And for all this the working classes are expected to pay. Upon them have fallen the chief disasters of the war, the work of a rebellious caste. In all other countries the working-man is rising in political influence. In England, his vote is powerful; in France, he is the parent of republicanism. In the United States, we are asked by Mr. Tilden and his Southern friends to build up a new aristocracy, founded upon ignorance, usurpation, and the degradation of labor. Absurd indeed seems the purpose of these barbarous rifle clubs at the South; yet they make no secret of what they mean, and, with Mr. Tilden's aid, they are confident of success.

Thus Mr. Tilden's faction is wholly a European one, opposed to every instinct of American freedom. Instead of the humane principles of 1776, it advocates caste and tyranny, mental degradation, political decay; it would revive in the South a European aristocracy; its political leaders openly proclaim their contempt for the people; it invites Wade Hampton, Toombs, and Davis to aid it in reducing the whole nation to subjection; and, by the help of its European allies of the foreign Church, it is full of wild hopes of success. The ultramontanes, North and South, are all for Tilden and the plunder of the people. How closely they are united with the rebellious faction at the South may be seen by a single example. "Jackson Township, Ohio," writes a German correspondent to the Cincinnati *Times*, "contains in all 472 votes. Out of these, 463 are Catholics, and the remaining nine votes are of other denominations. The solid Catholic vote of 463 was cast for the Democratic ticket. Not one Catholic vote was cast for the Republican ticket. There is no common school in Jackson Township. Is it not time," the German correspondent adds, "that Democrats of the Protestant persuasion should think of the danger which is on them?" It seems quite time. But the object of this alliance is intimated by another Roman Catholic paper, the *Southern Cross* of Savannah. It requires the nation to pay for all the damage inflicted upon the Southern States by their rebellion. "When Sherman made his infamous fame by marching to the sea," says the Roman Catholic editor, "he left behind him a desolate track," etc. And for all this it demands "the payment of the Southern war claims." This ultramontane journal is plainly commissioned by its superiors to stimulate discord in the nation, and, by the election of Tilden, hopes to cover it with ruin. Priests and rebels have united to destroy the chief bulwark of freedom in the New World, and every Protestant or non-sectarian Democrat who votes with the ultramontanes will lend aid to that clerical faction which in Europe is eager to rule France or plunder Germany, and in America is the bitter foe of freedom, from Patagonia to the Canadian line. What German will vote with the ultramontanes, the enemies of his father-land, with Kelly, Croker, and Tilden? What Hebrew can give his support to those savage Churchmen who tore the Mortara child from his parents, and who claim the right to seize upon all Jewish children whom they can baptize? What Irishman will vote for a priestly faction that would lead him to his ruin? Or who, of whatever race or lineage he may be, will dare in the Centennial year to lend aid to the destroyers of the republic?

In the success of the Republican party the people can alone look for security. Its excellent candidates, Messrs. Hayes, Wheeler, and Morgan, are the symbols of honesty, patriotism, reform, and educational progress. In the midst of its great peril they stood firmly by the Union; in all the disasters brought upon the country by Mr. Tilden's friends, they helped to save the government and the home of the working-men. They will still lead on the party of progress and of the people. They will favor no single sect, but do justice to all—will crush an overbearing caste by the mightier power of the intellect. It is safe to say that with the success of Republicanism a period of prosperity will open upon the country such as it has never known before. Already the manufacturers of England are removing their workshops to our shores. The panic is nearly over. Trade revives. Labor will soon rule again. We have vast fields to till; a wilderness to seam with railways and fill with population; a country of boundless resources, whose wealth we have only as yet faintly surmised; and over this happy land, snatched by a united people from those who would desolate it with European darkness, will rule, we may safely assert, for many a century the genius of republicanism—that Republican party of labor and industry, of human equality, of reform and progress, of common schools and unsectarian politics, which once more proclaimed in the election of 1876 that it had not departed nor would ever swerve from the faith and teachings of the fathers.

Eugene Lawrence.

Weavers and Weft;

OR,

"LOVE THAT HATH US IN HIS NET."

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "A Strange World," "Dead Men's Shoes," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.—(*Continued.*)

"THEY LIVE TOO LONG WHO HAPPINESS OUTLIVE."

Lord Clanyarde went home and told Sir Cyprian what he had seen, and his fears about Constance. He reproached himself bitterly for his share in bringing about the marriage, being all the more induced to regret that act now that change of fortune had made Cyprian as good a *parti* as Gilbert Sinclair.

"How short-sighted we mortals are!" thought the anxious father. "I did not even know that Cyprian had a rich bachelor uncle."

Sir Cyprian heard Lord Clanyarde's account in grave silence.

"What do you mean to do?" he asked.

"What can I do? Poor child, she is alone, and must bear her burden unaided. I can not come between her and her husband. It would take very little to make me quarrel with Sinclair, and then where should we be? If she had a mother living it would be different."

"She has sisters," suggested Cyprian.

"Yes, women who are absorbed by the care of their own families, and who would not go very far out of their way to help her. With pragmatical husbands, too, who would make no end of mischief if they were allowed to interfere. No; we must not make a family row of the business. After all, there is no specific ground for complaint. She does not complain, poor child. I'll go to Davenant early to-morrow and see her alone. Perhaps I can persuade her to be frank with me."

"You might see the doctor, and hear his account of her," said Cyprian.

"Yes, by-the-way, little Dr. Webb, who attended my girls from their cradles. An excellent little man. I'll send for him to-morrow and consult him about my rheumatism. He must know a good deal about my poor child."

Lord Clanyarde was with his daughter soon after breakfast next morning. He found her in that pretty old-fashioned room which had been Christabel's day nursery, and which had a door of communication with Mrs. Sinclair's dressing-room. It was a curious angle of the house at the end of the north wing, and was overlooked by the oriel-window of Gilbert's study—which occupied the opposite corner of the wing—study *par excellence*, but dressing-room and gunnery in fact.

Constance received her father with affection, but he could not win her confidence. It might be that she had nothing to confide. She made no complaint against her husband.

"Why do I find you sitting here alone, Constance, while the house is full of cheerful people?" asked Lord Clanyarde. "I heard the billiard balls going as I came through the hall, early as it is."

"Gilbert likes company and I do not," answered Constance, quietly. "We each take our own way."

"That does not sound like a happy union, pet," said her father.

"Did you expect me to be happy—with Gilbert Sinclair?"

"Yes, my love, or I would never have asked you to marry him. No, Constance. Of course it was an understood thing with me that you must marry well, as your sisters had done before you; but I meant you to marry a man who would make you happy; and if I find that Sinclair ill-uses you or slights you, egad, he shall have no easy reckoning with me."

"My dear father, pray be calm. He is very good to me. I have never complained—I never shall complain. I try to do my duty, for I know that I have done him a wrong for which a life of duty and obedience can hardly atone."

"Wronged him, child? How have you wronged him?"

"By marrying him when my heart was given to another."

"Nonsense, pet; a mere school-girl penchant. If that kind of thing were to count, there's hardly a wife living who has not wronged her husband. Every romantic girl begins by falling in love with a detrimental; but the memory of that juvenile attachment has no more influence on her married life than the recollection of her favorite doll. You must get such silly notions out of your head. And you should try to be a little more lively; join in Sinclair's amusements. No man likes a gloomy wife. And remember, love, the past is past—no tears can bring back our losses. If they could, hope would prevent our crying, as somebody judiciously observes."

Constance sighed and was silent, whereupon Lord Clanyarde embraced his daughter tenderly and departed, feeling that he had done his duty. She was much depressed, poor child, but no doubt time would set things right; and as to Sinclair's ill-treating her, that was out of the question. No man above the working classes ill-uses his wife nowadays. Lord Clanyarde made quite light of his daughter's troubles when he met Sir Cyprian at lunch. Sinclair was a good fellow enough at bottom, he assured Sir Cyprian; a little too fond of pleasure, perhaps, but with no harm in him, and Constance was inclined to make rather too much fuss about the loss of her little girl.

Sir Cyprian heard this change of tone in silence, and was not convinced. He contrived to see Dr. Webb, the Maidstone surgeon, that afternoon. He remembered the good-natured little doctor as his attendant in many a childish ailment, and was not afraid of asking him a question or two. From him he heard a very bad account of Constance Sinclair. Dr. Webb professed himself fairly baffled. There was no bodily ailment, except want of strength; but there was a settled melancholy, a deep and growing depression for which medicine was of no avail.

"You'll ask why I don't propose getting a better opinion than my own," said Dr. Webb, "and I'll tell you why. I might call in half the great men in London, and be no wiser than I am now. They would only make Mrs. Sinclair more nervous, and she is very nervous already. I am a faithful watch-dog, and at the first indication of danger I shall take measures."

"You don't apprehend any danger to the mind?" asked Sir Cyprian, anxiously.

"There is no immediate cause for fear. But if this melancholy continues, if the nervousness increases, I can not answer for the result."

"You have told Mr. Sinclair as much as this?"

"Yes, I have spoken to him very frankly."

It would have been difficult to imagine a life more solitary than that which Constance Sinclair contrived to lead in a house full of guests. For the first two or three weeks she had bravely tried to sustain her part as hostess; she had pretended to be amused by the amusements of others, or, when unable to support even that poor simulation, had sat at her embroidery frame and given the grace of her presence to the assembly. But now she was fain to hide herself all day long in her own rooms, or to walk alone in the fine old park, restricting her public appearance to the evening, when she took her place at the head of the dinner table, and endured the frivolities of the drawing-room after dinner. Gilbert secretly resented this withdrawal, and refused to believe that the death of Baby Christabel was his wife's sole cause of grief. There was something deeper—a sorrow for the past—a regret that was intensified by Sir Cyprian's presence in the neighborhood.

"She knows of his being at Marchbrook, of course," he told himself. "How do I know they have not met? She lives her own life, almost as much apart from me as if we were in separate houses. She has had time and opportunity for seeing him, and in all probability he is at Marchbrook only for the sake of being near her."

But Sir Cyprian had been at Marchbrook a week, and had not seen Constance Sinclair. How the place would have reminded him of her, had not her image been always present with him in all times and places! Every grove and meadow had its memory, every change in the fair pastoral landscape its bitter-sweet association.

Marchbrook and Davenant were divided in some parts by an eight-foot wall, in others by an oak fence. The Davenant side of the land adjoining Marchbrook was copse and wilderness, which served as covert for game. The Marchbrook side, a wide stretch of turf, which Lord Clanyarde let off as grazing land to one of his tenants. A railed-in plantation here and there supported the fiction that this meadow land was a park, and for his own part Lord Clanyarde declared that he would just as soon look at oxen as at deer.

The one only feature of Marchbrook Park was its avenues. One of these, known as the Monks' Avenue, and supposed to have been planted in the days when Marchbrook was the site of a Benedictine monastery, was a noble arcade of tall elms planted sixty feet apart, with a grassy road between them. The monastery had long vanished, leaving not a wrack behind, and the avenue now led only from wall to wall. The owners of Davenant had built a classic temple or summer-house close against the boundary wall between the two estates, in order to secure the enjoyment of this vista, as it was called in the days of Horace Walpole. The windows of this summer-house looked down the wide avenue to the high-road, a distance of a little more than a quarter of a mile.

This summer-house had always been a favorite resort of Mrs. Sinclair's. It overlooked the home of her youth, and she liked it on that account, for although Davenant was by far the more beautiful estate, she loved Marchbrook best.

CHAPTER XVI.

"GRIEF FILLS THE ROOM UP OF MY ABSENT CHILD."

Sir Cyprian had told himself that, in coming to Marchbrook, nothing was further from his thoughts than the desire to see Constance Sinclair; yet now that he was so near her, now that he was assured of her unhappiness, the yearning for one brief meeting, one look into the sweet eyes, one pressure of the gentle hand that used to lie so trustingly in his own, grew upon him hourly, until he felt that he could not leave Marchbrook without having seen her. No motive, no thought that could have shadowed the purity of Gilbert Sinclair's wife, had his soul's desire been published to the world, blended with this yearning of Sir Cyprian's. Deepest pity and compassion moved him. Such sorrow, such loneliness as Constance Sinclair's, were unutterably sacred to the man who had loved and surrendered Constance Clanyarde.

Sir Cyprian lingered at Marchbrook, and spent the greater part of his days in riding or walking over familiar grounds. He was too much out of spirits to join Lord Clanyarde in the slaughter of innocent birds, and was not a little bored by that frivolous old gentleman's society in the winter evenings by the fire in the comfortable bachelor smoking-room—the only really snug apartment in that great bare house. Every night Sir Cyprian made up his mind to depart next morning, yet when morning came he still lingered.

One bright, bleak day, when there were flying snow-storms and intervals of sun and blue sky, Sir Cyprian—having actually packed his portmanteau and made arrangements for being driven to the station to catch an afternoon train—took a final ramble in Marchbrook Park. He had not once put his foot on the soil that had been his, but he could get a peep at the old place across the railings. There was a melancholy pleasure in looking at those wintry glades, the young fir-trees, the scudding rabbits, the screaming pheasants, the withered bracken.

The sun had been shining a few minutes ago. Down came the snow in a thick driving shower, almost blinding Sir Cyprian as he walked swiftly along the oak fence. Presently he found himself at the end of the Monks' Avenue, and under that classic temple which was said to be built upon the very spot where the Benedictines once had their chapel.

Ten years ago that temple had been Cyprian Davenant's summer retreat. He had made it his smoking-room and study; had read Thucydides and the Greek dramatists there in the long vacation; had read those books of modern travel which had fired his mind with a longing for the adventures, perils, and triumphs of the African explorer. Twenty years ago it had been his mother's chosen resort. He had spent many a summer morning, many a pensive twilight, there by his mother's side, watching her sketch or hearing her play. The old-fashioned square piano was there still, perhaps, and the old engravings on the walls.

"Poor old place," he thought; "I wonder if any one ever goes there now, or if it is quite given up to bats and owls, and the spirits of the dead?"

He stopped under the stone balcony which overhung Marchbrook, on a level with the eight-foot wall. In Gilbert Sinclair's—or his architect's—plan of improvements this classic summer-house, a relic of a departed taste, had been forgotten. Sir Cyprian was glad to find it unchanged, unchanged in any wise, save that it had a more forlorn and neglected air than of old. The stone-work of the balcony was green and gray with mosses and lichens. The frame-work of the window had not been painted for a quarter of a century. The ivy had wandered as it listed over brick-work and stone, darting sharp-forked tongues of green into the crevices of the decaying mortar. Sir Cyprian looked up at the well-remembered window, full of thoughts of the past.

"Does she ever come here, I wonder?" he said to himself; "or do they use the old place for a tool-house or an apple shed?"

Hardly, for there fell upon his ear a few bars of plaintive symphony, played on a piano of ancient tone—the pensive Broadwood dear to his childhood—and then a voice, the pure and sweet contralto he knew too well, began Lord Houghton's pathetic ballad, "Strangers yet."

He listens as if he lived but to hear. Oh, what pathos, what profound melancholy in that voice, pouring out its sweetness to the silent walls! Regret, remorse, sorrow, too great for common language to express, are breathed in that flood of melody. And when the song is done the singer's hands fall on the keys in a crashing chord, and a wild cry—the sudden utterance of uncontrollable despair—goes up to heaven.

She is there—so near him—alone in her anguish. She, the only woman he has ever truly loved, the woman for whom he would give his life as freely as he would spill a cup of water upon the ground, and with as little thought of the sacrifice.

The lower edge of the balcony is within reach of his hand. The century-old ivy would afford easy footing for a less skilled athlete. To climb the ascent is as simple as to mount the rigging of his yacht.

In a minute, before he had time to think, he was in the balcony, he had opened the French window, he was standing in the room.

Constance Sinclair sat by the piano, her arms folded on the shabby old mahogany lid, her drooping head resting on her arms, her face hidden. She was too deeply lost in that agony of hopeless grief to hear the rattling of the frail casement, the footstep on the floor.

"Constance!"

She started up and confronted him, pale as ashes, with a smothered scream.

"My dearest, I heard your grief. I could not keep away. Only for a few minutes, Constance, only for a few words, and I will leave you. Oh, my love, how changed, how changed!"

A flood of crimson rushed into the pale face, and as quickly faded. Then she gave him her hand, with an innocent frankness that went to his heart, so like the Constance of old—the pure and perfect type of girlhood that knows not sin.

"I do not mind your hearing me in my sorrow," she said, sadly. "I come here because I feel myself away from all the world. At the house servants come to my room with messages, and worry me. Would I like this? Will I do the other? What carriage will I drive in? At what time? A hundred questions that are so tiresome when one is tired of life. Here I can lock my door, and feel as much alone as in a desert."

"But, dear Mrs. Sinclair, it is not good for you to abandon yourself to such grief."

"How can I help it? 'Grief fills the room up of my absent child!'" with a sad smile. "You heard of my loss, did you not? The darling who made life so bright for me—snatched away in a moment—not one hour's warning. I woke that morning a proud and happy mother, and at night— No, no one can imagine such a grief as that."

"I have heard the sad story. But be sure Heaven will send comfort—new hopes—"

"Don't talk to me like that. Oh, if you knew how I have had Heaven and the Bible thrown at my head—by people who talk by rote! I can read my Bible. I read of David and his great despair; how he turned his face to the wall, how he wept again for Absalom; and of the Shunamite woman who said, 'It is well;' but David had many children, and the Shunamite's child was given back to her. God will not give my darling back to me."

"He will—in heaven."

"But my heart is breaking for want of her here. She will be an angel before the throne of God—not my Christabel. I want my darling as she was on earth, with her soft clinging arms—not always good—naughty sometimes—but always dearer than my life."

What could Sir Cyprian say to comfort this bereaved heart? He could only sit down quietly by Constance Sinclair's side, and win her to talk of her sorrow, far more freely and confidingly than she had talked to her father; and this he felt was something gained. There was comfort in this free speech—comfort in pouring her sorrow into the ear of a friend who could verily sympathize.

"Dear Mrs. Sinclair," said Sir Cyprian, gravely, when he had allowed her to tell the story of her bereavement, "as a very old friend—one who has your welfare deep at heart—I must entreat you to struggle against this absorbing grief. I have seen our old friend Dr. Webb, and he assures me that unless you make an effort to overcome this melancholy, your mind as well as your body will suffer. Yes, Constance, reason itself may give way under the burden you impose upon it. Perhaps no one else would have the courage to speak to you so plainly, but I venture to speak as a brother might to a fondly loved sister. This may be our last meeting, for I shall go back to Africa as soon as I can get my party together again. You will try, dear friend, will you not, for my sake, for the sake of your husband—"

"My husband!" she exclaimed, with a shudder. "He has billiards, and guns, and race-horses, and friends without number. What can it matter to him that I grieve for my child? Somebody had need be sorry. He does not care."

"Constance, it would matter very much to your father, to all who have ever loved you, to yourself most of all, if you should end your life in a lunatic asylum."

This startled her, and she looked up at him earnestly.

"Unreasonable grief sometimes leads to madness. Despair is rebellion against God. If the Shunamite in that dark day could say, 'It shall be well,' shall a Christian have less patience—a Christian who has been taught that those who mourn are blessed, and shall be comforted? Yes, Constance, they shall be comforted. Have faith in that divine promise, and all will be well."

"I will try," she answered, gently. "It is very good of you to reason with me. No one else has spoken so frankly. They have only talked platitudes, and begged me to divert my mind. As if acted charades, or billiards, or bézique, could fill up the gap in my life. Are you really going to Africa very soon?"

"Early in the new year, perhaps; but I shall not go till I have heard from some reliable source that you are happy."

"You must not wait for that. I shall never know happiness again in this world. At most I can but try to bear my lot patiently and put on cheerful looks. I shall try to do that, believe me. Your lesson shall not be wasted. And now I suppose we must say good-by," looking at her watch; "it is time for me to go back to the house."

"I will not detain you; but before I go I must apologize for my burglarious entrance by that window. I hope I did not frighten you?"

"I was only startled. It seemed almost a natural thing to see you here. I remember how fond you were of this summer-house when I was a child. I have so often seen you sitting in that window smoking and reading."

"Yes, I have spent many an hour here puzzling over the choruses in *Prometheus*, and I have looked up from my book to see you scamper by on your pony."

"Pepper, the gray one," cried Constance, absolutely smiling; "such a dear pony! We used to feed him with bread and apples every morning. Ah, what happy days those were!"

It touched him to the core of his heart to see the old girlish look come back in all its brightness. But it was only a transient gleam of the old light, which left a deeper sadness when it faded.

"Good-by, Constance," he said, taking both her hands. "I may call you that for the last time."

"Yes, and when you are in Africa—in another world, far from all the false pretenses and sham pleasures that make up life in this—think of me as Constance, the Constance you knew in the days that are gone—not as Gilbert Sinclair's wife."

He bent his head over the unresisting hands and kissed them.

"God bless you and comfort you, my Constance, and give you as much happiness as I lost when I made up my mind to live without you!"

He opened the window, and swung himself lightly down from the balcony to the turf below.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REPUBLICAN BARBECUE.

BARBECUES are a novelty in this section of the country, although in the West and South they are not uncommon. The Republican barbecue lately given in Myrtle Avenue Park, Brooklyn, of which we give illustrations on page 916, attracted a vast throng of interested spectators—not less than 50,000, it was estimated. The speeches made were listened to with attention and enthusiasm; but curiosity turned to the novel operation of roasting two huge oxen, one weighing 983 and the other 1000 pounds. This culinary process was performed within an inclosure made of pine logs, gayly festooned with bunting and Chinese lanterns; and about noon sandwiches were made and rapidly distributed to the crowd. The torch-light procession of the "Boys in Blue" in the evening was a striking feature of the festival and a great success.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

Sunday, 12.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 19.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 26.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 30.—St. Andrew.

DECEMBER.

Sunday, 3.—First Sunday in Advent.
Sunday, 10.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday, 17.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Thursday, 21.—St. Thomas.
Sunday, 24.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Monday, 25.—Christmas.
Tuesday, 26.—St. Stephen.
Wednesday, 27.—St. John the Evangelist.
Thursday, 28.—Holy Innocents.
Sunday, 31.—First Sunday after Christmas.

IN his first article as editor of the *Christian at Work*, Dr. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR discusses the increasing "importation of clergymen into the country" from Great Britain, and finds the reason of it in the "unity of the Churches to which the Christians of the two countries belong." Unquestionably this reason is strongly operative, but another may be found in the desire of variety so strongly characteristic of our times. The American and English pulpit styles are not wholly unlike, and yet they differ. Dr. TAYLOR'S description of the difference is quite happy: "The American is more intellectual, the British is more practical; the American is more speculative, the British is more Biblical; the American is more calm, the British more impassioned; the American is more philosophical, the British is more dogmatic. An interblending of the two would be an advantage to both."

Two Reformed Episcopal churches have been begun in New York and its vicinity. On the 8th of October Bishop NICHOLSON laid the foundation of one on the corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street. In the addresses delivered, the Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Congregational bodies were represented. Two days after, the corner-stone of the Emanuel Church was laid at Newark, New Jersey. Bishops NICHOLSON and FALLOWS officiated, and were aided by other ministers.

The *Herald and Presbyter*, of Cincinnati, thinks that Mr. MOODY'S Tabernacle in Chicago may well serve as an "object lesson" to church architects and building committees. The fact that "a cheerful, commodious building, acoustically perfect, perfectly lighted and ventilated, seating 8000 persons and with standing room for 2000 more, emptying itself at the rate of a thousand a minute," and not beyond the reach of an ordinary voice, could be put up for $20,000 in sixty days, is something to "make a note of." The *Herald* thinks that the description of this Tabernacle "ought to be posted on the front-doors of some metropolitan churches and pasted in the hats of certain building committees, where the 'debtors' prisons' they have built cost all the way from $100,000 to $1,000,000."

October and November are religious Convention months. In October most of the Northern Presbyterian Synods hold their sessions; in this month also Baptist and Congregational Conventions are numerous. On Wednesday, the 18th of October, the Universalist General Convention opened in Rochester, New York. This body was incorporated March 9, 1866, and is "the court of final appeal in cases of dispute or difficulty between State Conventions, and in cases of discipline and questions of government not provided for and settled by subordinate bodies." It has charge of the Murray Centenary Fund, amounting to $120,691, and the Gunn Ministerial Relief Fund, amounting to $8645. The Rev. HENRY W. RUGG was elected president. The trustees of the Convention reported that they had reduced their debt over $4000. It was determined to elect a general secretary for the coming year. Dr. E. H. CHAPIN was appointed to preach the sermon at the next Convention, which will be held in St. Paul's Church, Chicago.

Events multiply which show that the fraternization of Southern and Northern Churches now going on is not merely formal. They begin to unite in practical work. At the meeting of the Southern Presbyterian Synod of Missouri, held October 11, an agreement was entered into with the Northern Presbyterian Synod of the same State, that both should co-operate in sustaining Westminster College.

About three thousand persons attended the Church of England Congress, which opened in the Guildhall of Plymouth, October 3. The Bishop of Exeter presided and made the opening address. Bishop PERRY read the first paper, on the Bonn Conference. He considered that some of the principles laid down by the Conference were in opposition to the principles of the British Reformation. Some hisses mingled with the applause given the essayist. On the 4th, a large concourse of members listened to a discussion of the "Causes and Influences of Unbelief in England." The essayists were the Dean of Manchester and Archdeacon REICHEL and Canon GARBETT. The largest meeting of the Congress was that which listened to the discussion on "Central Africa in Relation to Mission Work, Slave-Trade, and Commerce." A paper from Sir BARTLE FRERE, who was unable to be present, was read. After the reading, an address was delivered by Lieutenant CAMERON, amidst much applause. He said that the slave-trade was going on now in Africa, just as it was when slaves were carried across the Atlantic. He had seen a caravan of 1500 slaves going to the coast. He thought that the trade could be stopped by means of steamers on Lake Nyassa and the upper waters of the Zambesi. The next Congress will be held in Croydon.

The disagreements between the orthodox and liberal parties in the Reformed Church of France have reached the point of disruption. All the plans of conciliation have failed. At a meeting of orthodox pastors and delegates lately held at Vigan, the construction placed by the liberal Assembly at Nimes on the plan of conciliation was rejected, and the plan declared to be abandoned. The Synod will soon be convoked, and then the government will be asked to execute the Synodal resolutions. The point in dispute is, the liberals do not wish to be bound by the terms of the established creed of the Church; the orthodox insist on its authority. The orthodox party are determined on the excision of the liberals, so as to cut them off from state patronage.

The call made by the Archbishop of Canterbury for a second meeting of the Pan-Anglican Synod, in July, 1878, has revived the discussion of the possible powers of that body. Many see in it a bond of union for all the Churches of the Anglican faith, and others even hope that it may become in time a General Council. A writer in the *Guardian*, of London, asks: "Is it possible for a patriarchal power to be established, and any common tribunal for the decision of doctrine, and any permanent legislative assembly for the whole Anglican communion?" At the last Lambeth meeting the question of the patriarchate of the Archbishop of Canterbury was mooted, but not much favored.

The Southern Presbyterian Church is carrying out its plan of organizing an institute for the education of a colored ministry. Tuscaloosa, Alabama, has been chosen as the place, and the institute, which will be under the charge of the Rev. A. F. DICKSON, of South Carolina, was expected to open on or about the 1st of November. Mr. DICKSON is described as a ripe scholar, and "as having for many years been closely identified with the work of evangelizing the colored people." This project is part of another and larger—the founding of a colored Presbyterian Church. The one need of the colored people now is education. With their growth in culture, many problems now supposed to be difficult will solve themselves. The Methodists have in the South schools for the training of colored ministers, and ultimately all the Churches must follow these examples.

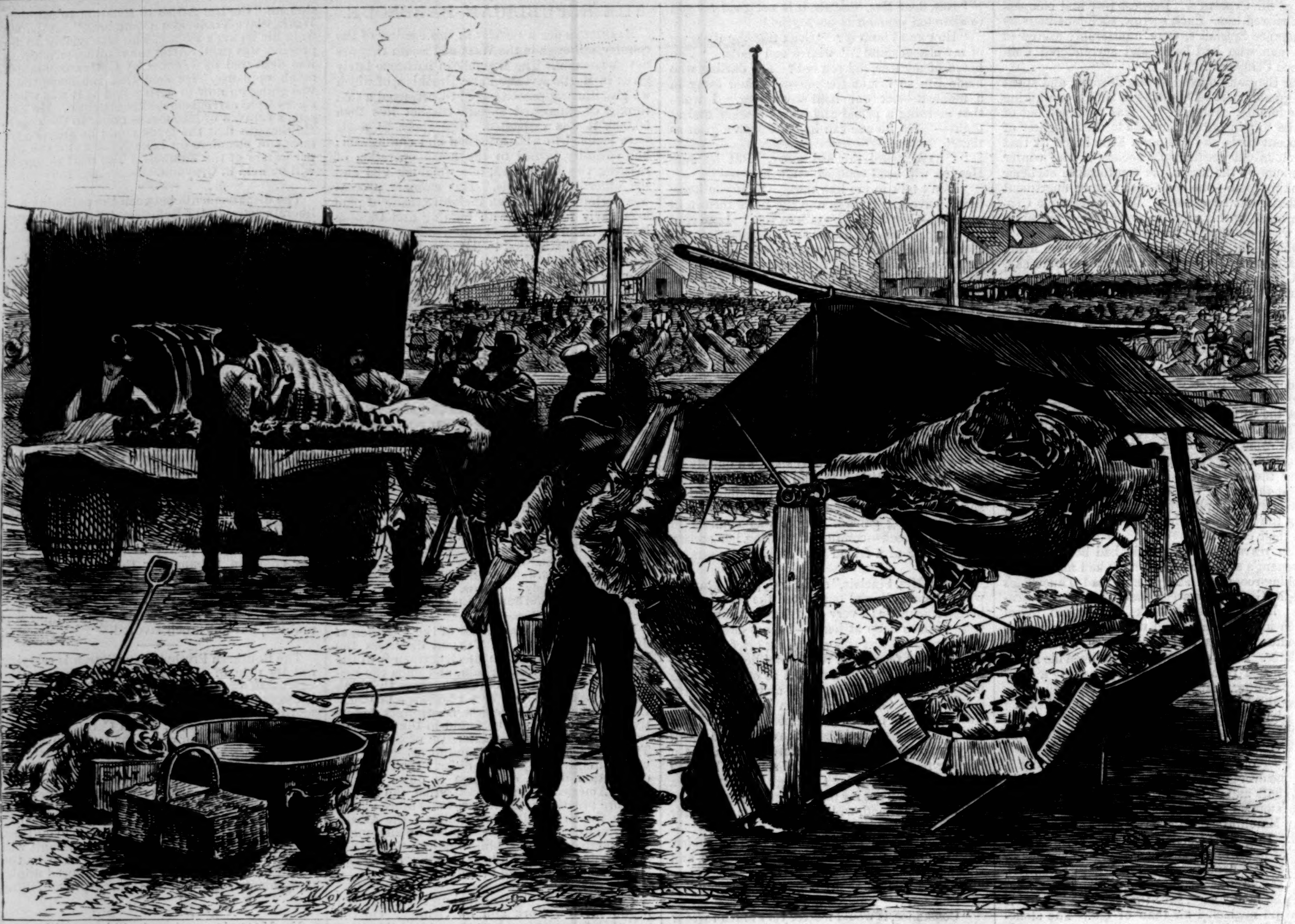
Mr. MOODY'S meetings in Chicago still go on successfully, and are influencing many important points in the Northwest.

But little attention has been given by the American press to the meeting of the "Public Health Congress" convened by the King of Belgium at Brussels, which closed its sessions October 4. The delegates were men of the highest rank in science. To the question—which in this country is treated as one of both religion and morals—"The Abuse of Alcoholic Drinks," the Congress devoted a discussion of three and a quarter hours' duration. Dr. DESGUINS said that eighty-five out of eighty-seven cases of *delirium tremens* are fatal, and desired the number of establishments for the sale of intoxicating liquors to be limited. Dr. CROCQ, professor in the University at Brussels, had observed "a considerable increase in the consumption of alcohol and the growth of brain disease. The hospitals were full of such cases." One speaker caught a glimpse of an important truth when he observed "that if the general condition of the people were improved, they would drink less." The reports state that the discussion of the subject by the Congress was very earnest.

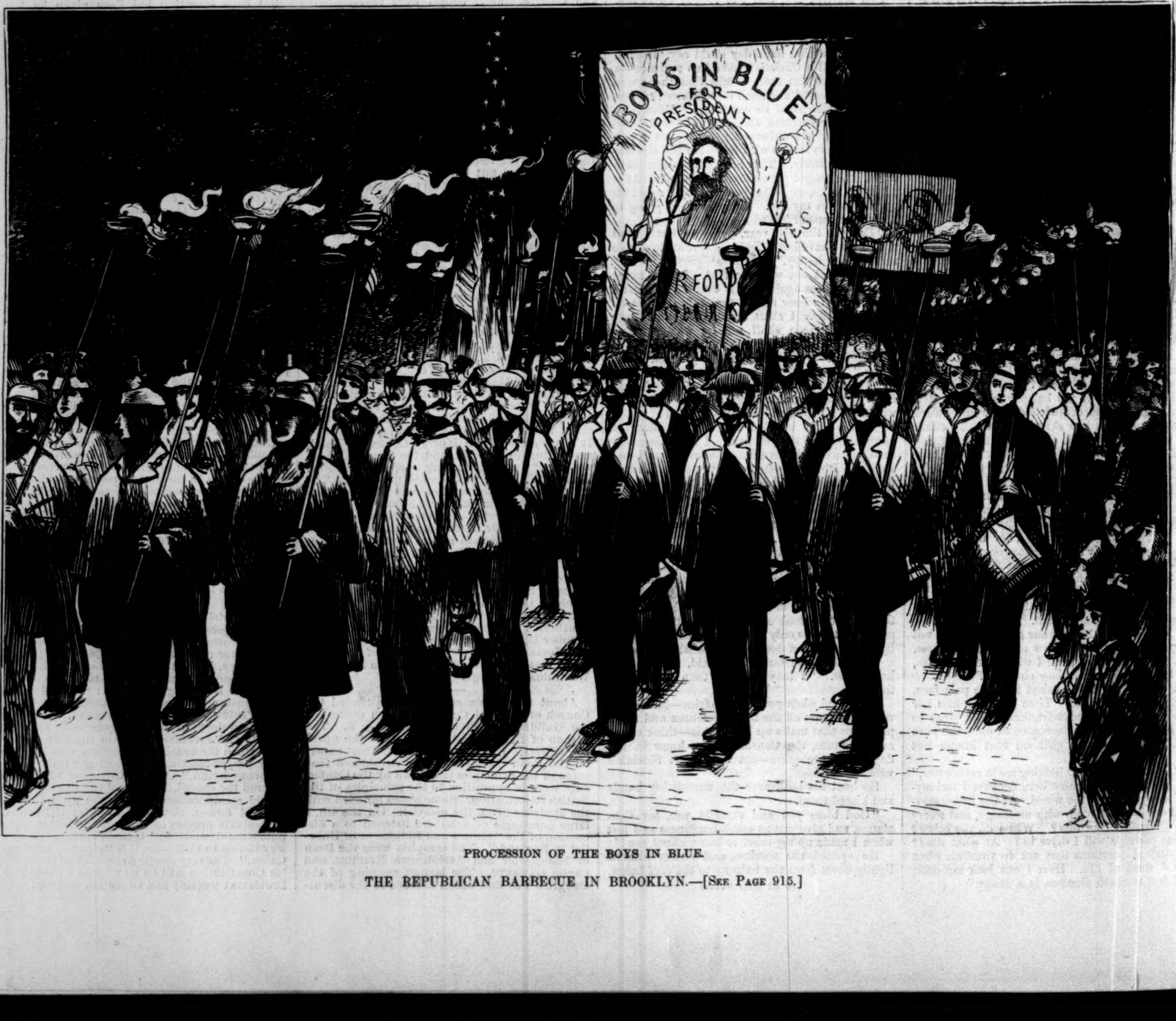
The correspondent of the London *Times* in the island of Minorca has sent a letter to that paper which sheds a flood of light upon the proceedings of the government at Mahon, the capital. The effect of the long English occupation of the island in former times has been to give to the population a strong leaning to liberalism. Immediately after the revolution in Spain which established the liberals in power, the Scotch Presbyterians, the Wesleyan Methodists, and the native Spanish Protestants established schools, mission-houses, and churches. More recently a Church of England society founded mission schools and a chapel in Mahon. The missionary, Mr. BINION, sent in August last an advertisement of his schools to the Mahon paper, in which the school was described as Protestant. Application being made to the Governor for its insertion, he forbade it. The objectionable word "Protestant" was then struck out and the advertisement again offered, whereupon the following notice was sent to all editors of papers in the island:

> "Every editor of a newspaper is forbidden to publish any notice or advertisement relating to Protestant schools, such notices being contrary to the law of the land."

Immediately after the issue of this order all Protestant schools in Mahon were closed. An energetic protest from Mr. BINION in time brought a permit for re-opening them. MANUEL, Bishop of Minorca, to give still more force to the government order, issued two pastorals, in which occur the following sentences: "Putrid members must not touch sound members, neither must Protestants approach Catholics..... We will excommunicate to the third generation all Protestants and Freemasons." On the 30th of August, when the Spanish Methodists were holding their prayer-meeting and singing "their usual sonorous hymn," the Sub-Governor of Mahon entered the chapel, denounced the singing as "a public manifestation," and broke up the meeting. It comes, therefore, to this: if Spanish Protestants pray so as to be overheard, it is "a public manifestation;" if their worship is in any way visible to Catholics, it is "a public manifestation." The very elastic Article XI. of the Spanish Constitution will be so used as to suppress Protestant worship and education entirely.



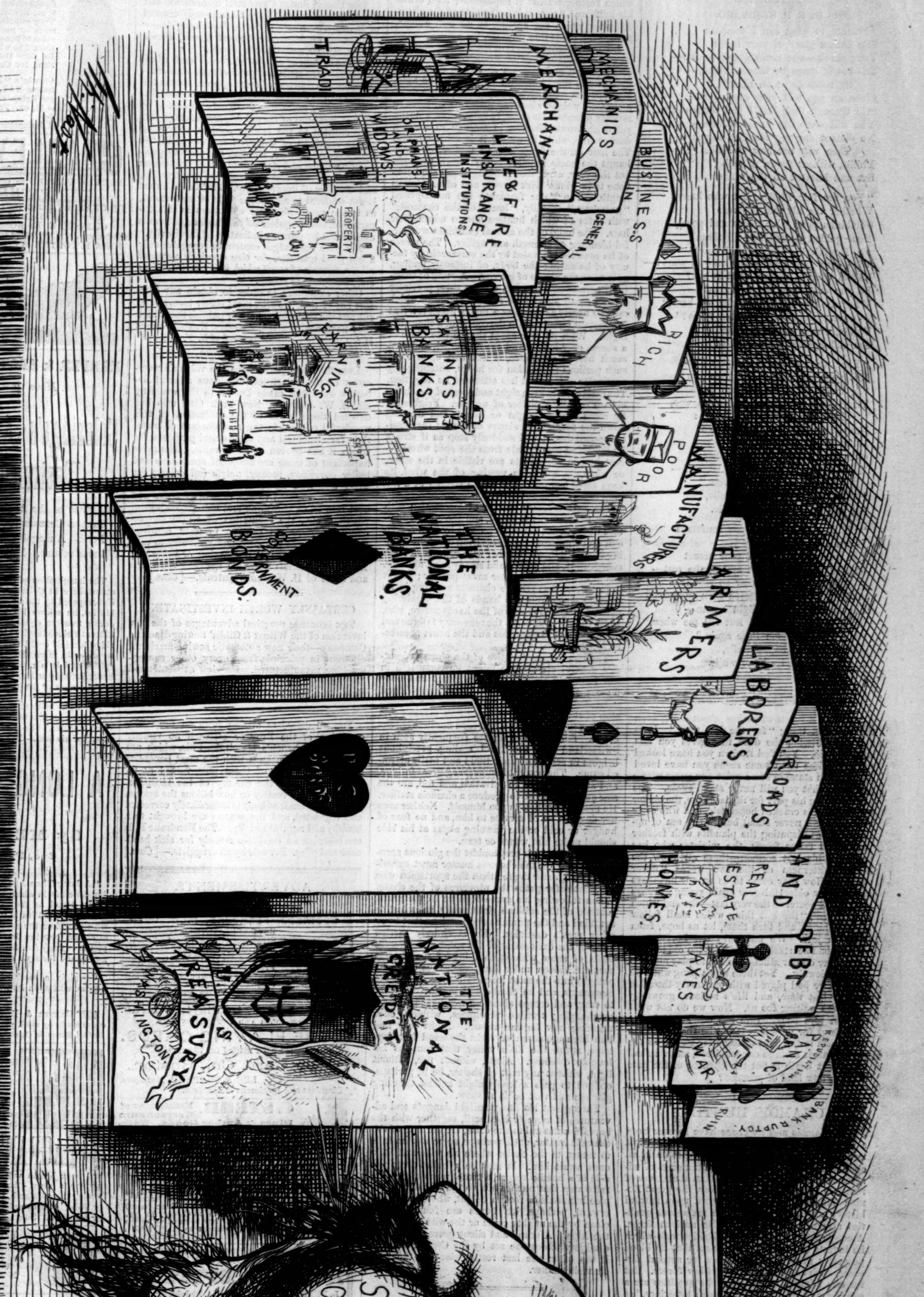
ROASTING THE OXEN.



BOYS IN BLUE
FOR
PRESIDENT
HAYES
R FORD

PROCESSION OF THE BOYS IN BLUE.

THE REPUBLICAN BARBECUE IN BROOKLYN.—[SEE PAGE 915.]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A TERRIBLE *BLOW* NORTH.

PHILLIS.

By R. H. STODDARD.

"Phillis, to what can I compare
The golden glory of your hair?
Your cheek—was never cheek so fair—
Tell me if those be blushes there,
    Or roses dropt on lilies?
Close, an you will, your eyes divine;
Still through their lids I feel them shine:
You will some day to me incline—
No distant day you must be mine;
    Then why not now, O Phillis?"
Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

"You are fair, Phillis; but who knows
Whether the lily and the rose
(Methinks your color comes and goes),
Your golden tresses, and all those
    Bewildering charms and graces—
Who, save your maid—why do you start?—
Knows what is nature, what is art?
Do you ever keep the two apart?
What have you given me for my heart
    But patched and painted faces?"
Phillis, with a frown and smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

"Your waiting-woman, Mistress Prue,
Has more and deeper wit than you:
She knows precisely what to do
When Matt and Diggory come to woo,
    And how to hold her lovers:
Now you—I have a mind to see
What pretty Prue will say to me
(She is a buxom wench, pardie);
'Twill not be 'fie!' and 'la, let be!'—
    That angry flush discovers."
Phillis, with a frown, not smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

"Phillis, you love me—you confessed
When I began my silly jest;
The guarded secrets of your breast
Slipped out, your heart among the rest—
    Your heart that now so still is—
A little bird, that fluttered then
For fear that I, like lighter men—
Your nod says 'Yes.' But tell me when,
Or I must summon Prue again."
Phillis, with a happy smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

FOR THE LAST TIME.

There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the dead that gives you this strange pain. You feel it when you have looked your last time upon some scene you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street where you know that you will never stand again. The actor playing his part for the last time, the singer whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who after this once will never stand before the sea of upturned faces disputing the plaudits with fresher voices and fairer forms, the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words "never again." How they come to us on our birthdays as we grow older! Never again young; always nearer and nearer to the very last—the end which is universal, "the last thing which shall follow all last things, and turn them, let us hope, from pains to joys. We put away our boyish toys with an odd heartache. We were too old to walk any longer on our stilts—too tall to play marbles on the sidewalk. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry-thoughts for the last time, and life's serious, grown-up work was waiting for us. Now we do not want the lost toys back. Life has other and larger playthings for us. May it not be that these too shall seem in the light of some far-off day as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of the gate into the new land of promise?

CHAMOIS HUNTING.

The chamois and its chase have forever been a rich mine of anecdote and myth. Indeed, it would seem that in the minds of people in all ages this animal is associated with stories of miraculous feats intermingled with an abundance of romance and superstition. Pliny, the great Roman naturalist, gives in his work upon natural history a striking proof of the marvelous qualities attached to the chamois in ancient times. Among other distinctive peculiarities with which he invests the animal, he declares that its blood possesses great healing powers for several diseases, such as consumption and low fevers. But for one ailment in particular its qualities are a specific, namely, "the loss of one's intestines," as he terms a malady which we must hope, for humanity's sake, has disappeared from the long list of human sufferings. He closes his remarkable description of the animal with the somewhat mysterious disclosure that the blood of the buck, used in a certain manner, softens the diamond into a sort of kneadable paste. "This latter piece of information," the author adds, "has recently been doubted by skeptics." One can not help being amazed that such absurdities were devoutly believed for many centuries; but it is a source of even greater wonder to read in modern descriptions of the chamois whole pages of nonsense not a whit less astonishing. In one case, for instance, a recent author maintains that the hunter rarely shoots, but drives his game into places from which further retreat is impossible; then draws his knife and "puts it into the side of the chamois, after which the animal, of its own accord, pushes the blade into its body."

Like many other objects of wonder, the chamois on closer acquaintance loses much of its romance and mystery, and appears simply as one of the fleetest and most beautiful animals of the antelope species. Somewhat larger than a roe deer, a chamois weighs when full grown from forty to seventy pounds. Its color, in summer of a dusky yellowish-brown, changes in autumn to a much darker hue, while in winter it is all but black. The hair on the forehead and that which overhangs the hoofs remains tawny brown throughout the year, while that growing along the backbone is in winter dark brown, and of prodigious length. The latter furnishes the much-prized "gamsbart," literally, "beard of the chamois," with tufts of which hunters like to adorn their hats. The build of the animal exhibits a wonderful blending of strength and agility. The power of its muscles is rivaled by the extraordinary faculty of balancing the body, of instantly finding, as it were, the centre of gravity. A jump of twenty or even twenty-five feet down a sheer precipice on to a small pinnacle of rock, the point of which may be nearly as small as a man's hand, is a feat of constant recurrence in the course of a chamois's flight. With its four hoofs shaped like those of a sheep, only longer and more pointed, and of a much harder substance, it will rest upon some such perilous foundation for hours, watching any particular object that has attracted its attention. The marvelously keen sight and scent of the chamois are equally a matter of wonder. Frightened by some unusual sight or sound, and dashing down the precipitous slopes of almost inaccessible mountains, it will suddenly stop as if struck by lightning some yards from the spot where recent human foot-prints are visible in the snow, or when, by a sudden veering of the wind, its keen scent has warned it of the vicinity of a human being.

The extraordinary powers of locomotion with which the chamois is gifted, and the elevated nature of its home, make its pursuit by man a difficult and dangerous task, requiring constant training from childhood, together with courage, an iron constitution, and a clear and steady hand and eye. These qualities the hunter must possess; and it is just these that remove chamois stalking in its genuine sense from the hands of the wandering pleasure-seeker to those of the hardy native, who, while willing to undergo the necessary fatigue and privation, has the muscles and the heart necessary for the work.

The chief characteristics of the chamois hunter's general appearance might be comprised in the following short sketch: a gaunt and bony figure; brown and sinewy knees, scarred and scratched; hair shaggy, and hunger the expression of the face; dark piercing eyes, marked eyebrows, a bent eagle nose, and high fleshless cheekbones. Such are the figures frequently seen in Switzerland and the Tyrol scaling precipitous heights in search of their timid and easily alarmed game. The power of undergoing great fatigue, and an indifference to privation and toil, are the *sine qua non* that go to produce a chamois stalker. He must rely entirely upon himself. Neither man nor dog can be of service to him, and no fear of hunger or cold or the yawning abyss at his side should make him waver or turn.

In pursuit of his prey amidst the glorious scenery of the Alps, the chamois hunter must experience to a greater degree than the sportsmen who frequent safer paths the pleasures of the chase. When following his game high up in the grand solitude of the sublime giant peaks, he is lost to mankind and the pursuits and passions that sway other men's destinies. He is entirely carried away by the excitement of the sport. He crosses fields of snow without thinking of the chasms that are hidden under that treacherous cover, he plunges into the most inaccessible recesses of the mountains, and he climbs and jumps from crag to crag, and creeps along narrow bands of rock overhanging terrible precipices, without once thinking how he can return. Night may find him high up, seven or eight thousand feet, perhaps, above the little valley that contains his humble dwelling. Alone, without fire, without light, without any sort of shelter, he is, perhaps, obliged to pass a lonely night amidst towering glaciers and vast fields of snow.

Throughout his life, manifold dangers and adventures of more or less peril, together with the hardships natural to the craft, are the fate of the chamois hunter, until, perhaps, some day he fails to return to the chalet where his wife and little ones await him. It may be a bullet from the rifle of a hostile keeper, a treacherous stone, or a false step that pitches him to the foot of a precipice hundreds of feet in height, where years afterward, perhaps, his bones are found, picked clean by the mighty eagle or the wild animals of the Alps. A grand and silent grave, marked by a mighty tombstone set by the Creator himself, is too often the last resting-place of the poor chamois stalker.

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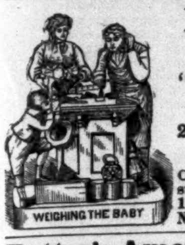

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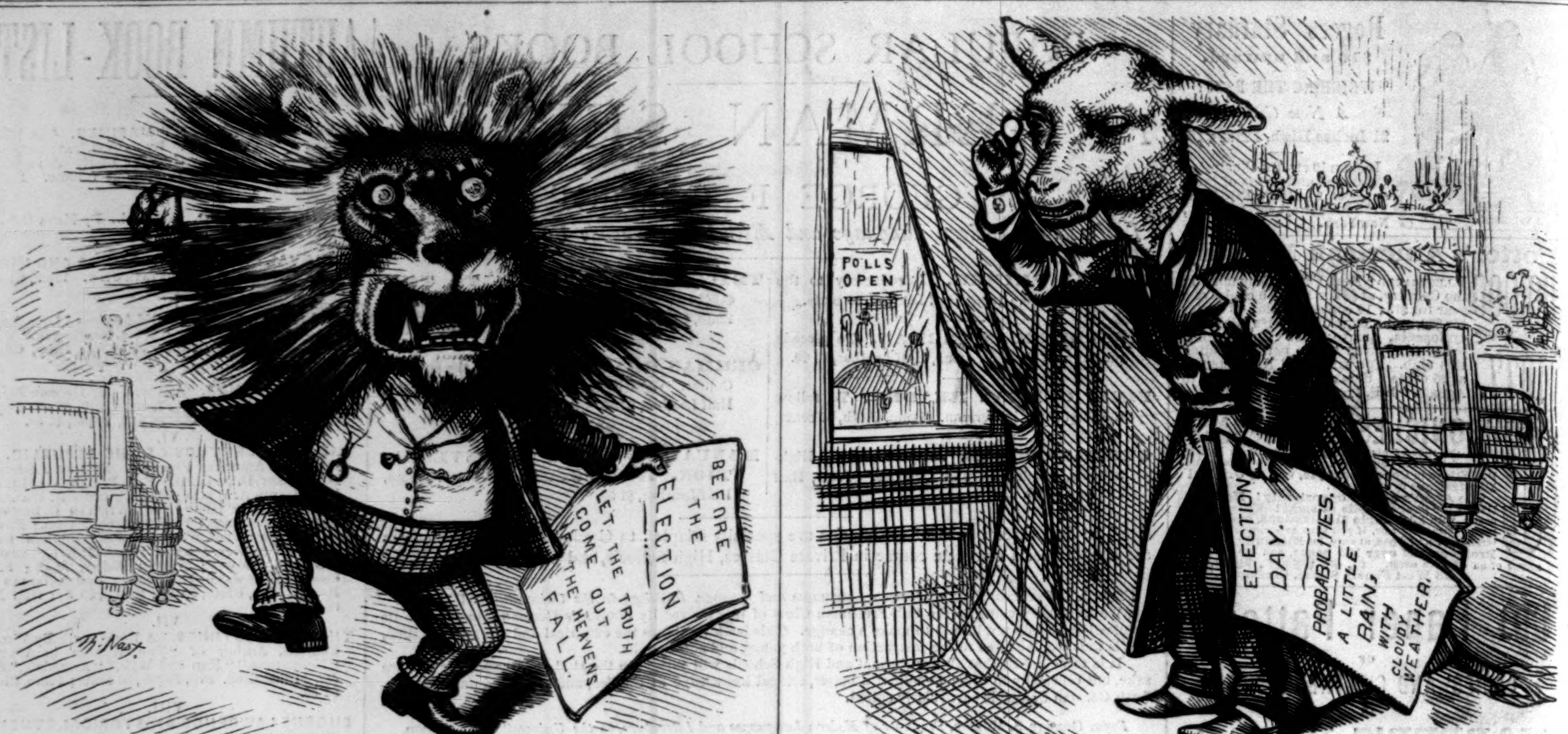
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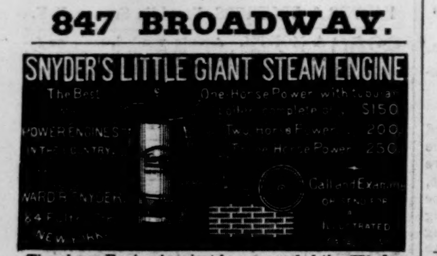
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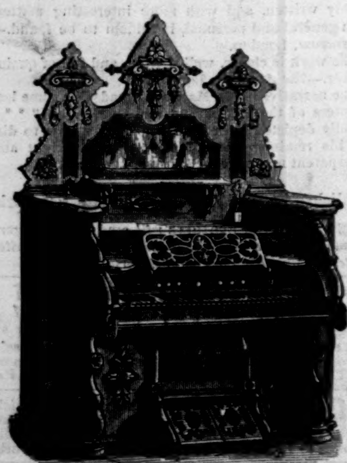
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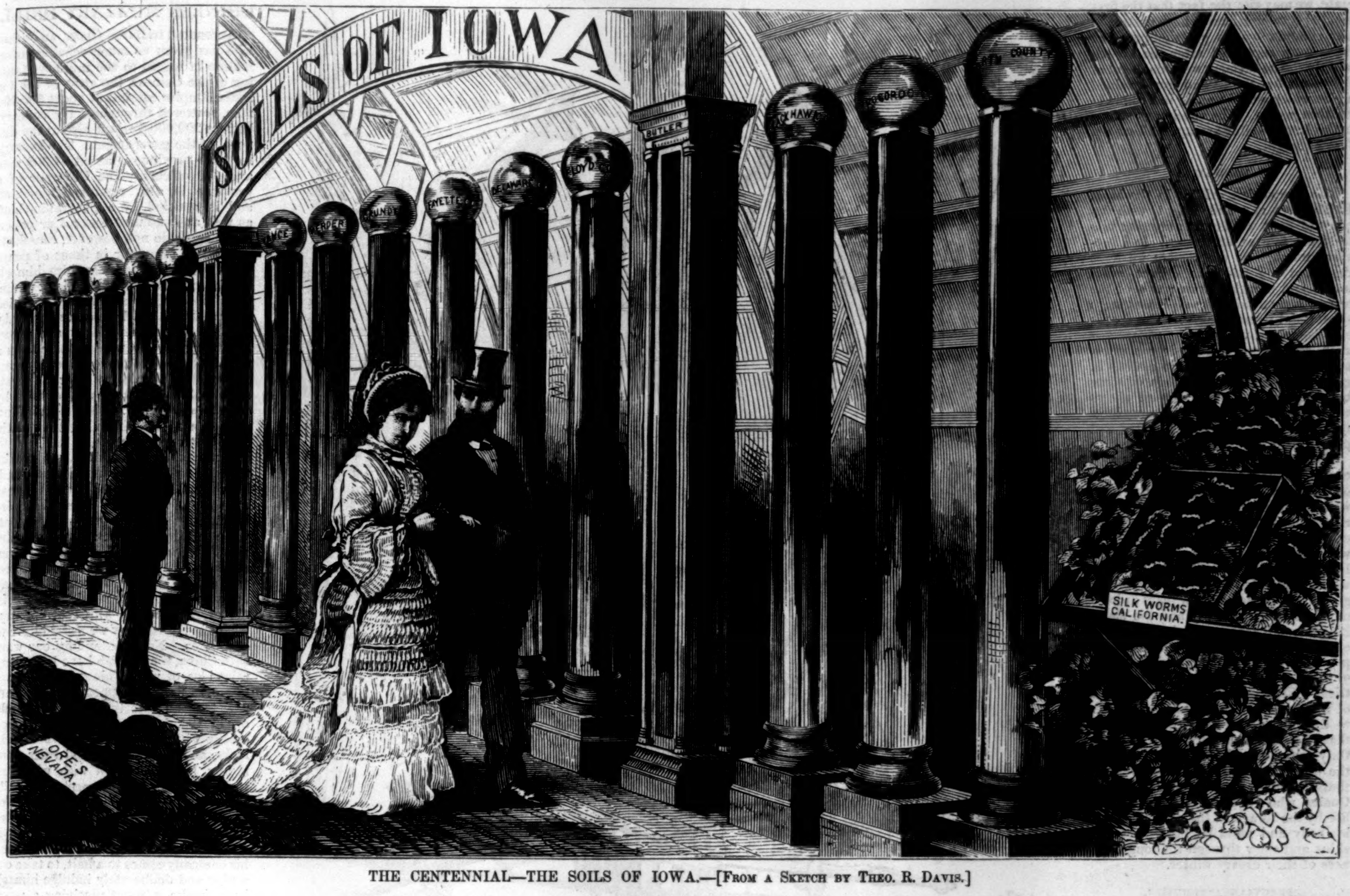


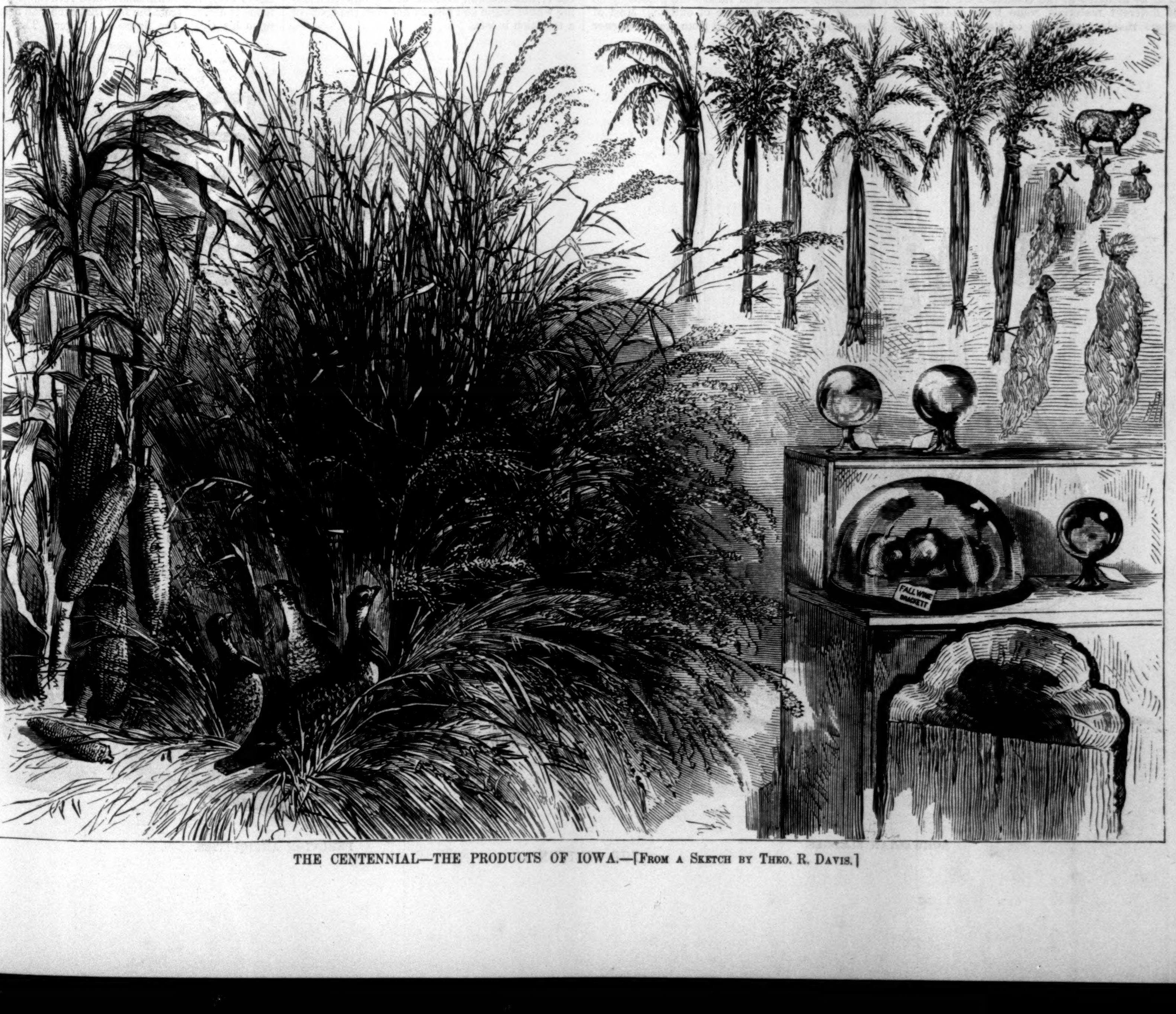
THE CENTENNIAL—THE SOILS OF IOWA.—[From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.]

THE CENTENNIAL.

SOILS AND PRODUCTS OF IOWA.

We give this page to two engravings illustrating the products of the State of Iowa and the varieties of soil peculiar to that region, as they are exhibited in Agricultural Hall. The soils are arranged within tall cylinders of glass, so as to give the visitor an idea at once of the different elements of which they are composed. Affixed to each cylinder is a map of the State, on which a small green spot indicates the county from which that particular sample of the soil was taken.

The soils of Iowa are generally excellent, and in no other section is there a smaller amount of inferior land. The valleys of the Red Cedar, Des Moines, and Iowa rivers as high as latitude 42° 30′ present a body of arable land which, taken as a whole, for richness in organic elements, for amount of saline matter and due admixture of earthy silicates, affords a combination that belongs only to the most fertile upland plains. North of this, the best agricultural region of the State, the lands are inferior, but still not unprofitable, and the lower grounds are either wet and marshy or filled with numerous ponds, and entirely destitute of timber. As an illustration of the extraordinary fertility of the soil in the southern portion of the



THE CENTENNIAL—THE PRODUCTS OF IOWA.—[From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.]

State, we may cite the fact that the first planted corn crop having been destroyed last summer by the grasshoppers, the fields were replanted after the Fourth of July. The farmers were doubtful of the result, but the second crop attained a size which would appear incredible to Eastern people. The specimens shown in the Iowa exhibit average at least ten feet in height.

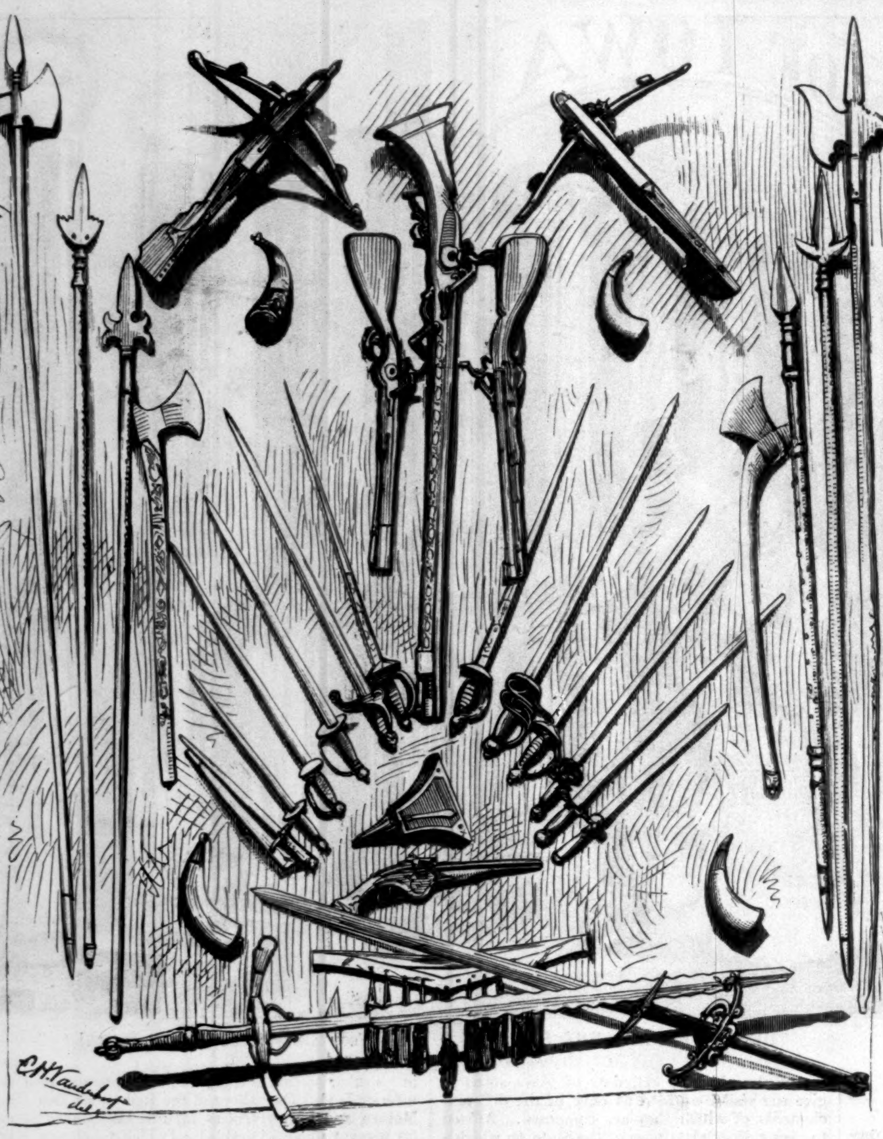
NORWAY.

The Norwegian exhibit in the Main Building is gay and bright with its cases of light woods and glittering bits of silver, filigree, and glass. In a previous number of the *Weekly* we have described the fairy-like filigree ornaments and the glass-ware; two of the engravings on this page represent more substantial manufactures. The first is a collection of very ancient weapons—axes, cross-bows, spears, swords, guns, and pistols—which once, no doubt, did great execution in the hands of some brave Norsemen. The second shows some of the native appliances for winter travel—sledges, snow-shoes, skates, and pikes.

Norway is still almost an unknown country, notwithstanding the number of books of travel which have been written about her magnificent lakes, rivers, mountains, and forests. The celebrated African traveler, DU CHAILLU, who has done more than any one except LIVINGSTONE toward making the outside world acquainted with the land of the gorilla, has passed several years in journeying through Norway and the sister kingdom of Sweden, and when the story of his wanderings and observations appears, we can no longer plead ignorance of the land or the people of those countries. There is much in the cradle land of the Skald and the Saga that appeals to the poetry and spirit of adventure that lie latent in practical natures. Only go far enough, and you come upon the wild nomads of the arctic circle, on those wandering tribes of Lapps and Quains who regulate their fashion of life by the forage of their reindeer, and let body and mind lie fallow between skins and snow through the long darkness of their dreary winter.

PERUVIAN ANTIQUITIES.

The collection of objects from ancient Peru given on this page is interesting chiefly as showing the mechanical and artistic skill attained by the unknown race of men who inhabited that portion of South America before the advent of the Incas. The idols and domestic utensils included in the collection are composed of different materials, some being pottery and others rudely carved out of stone. The workmanship is in all cases superior to the design. The hands that shaped them were guided by no feeling for beauty or grace of outline. Most of these objects were exhumed from graves, whence they bring us the only knowledge we possess of the civilization and customs of a people concerning whose origin and history not even the trace of a tradition is left.


C.H. Vanderhoof del.

ANCIENT NORWEGIAN WEAPONS.

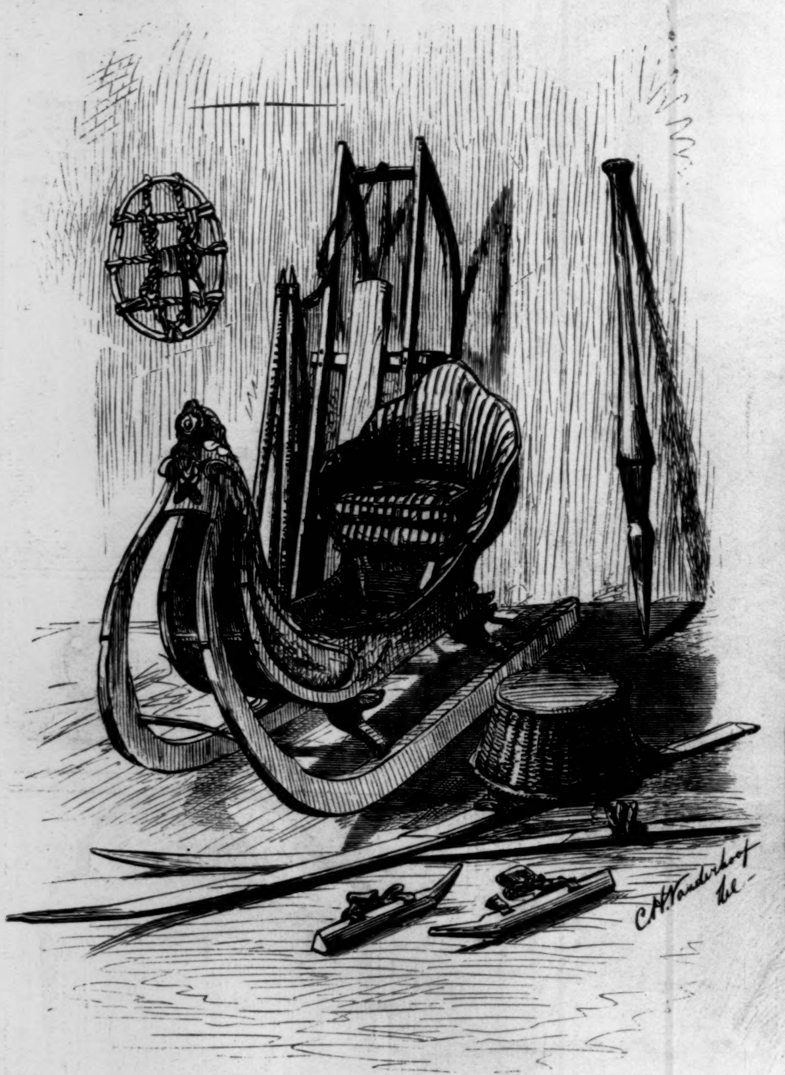
CHINESE MILITARY DRILL.

ACCORDING to Baron GROSS, an author who has given us much reliable information in regard to the military standing of the Chinese, the army of the Celestial Empire consists of about 600,000 men, scattered throughout the country, besides 200,000 Tartars, also at the disposal of the government. The average for each province is about 34,500 men and 640 officers. The Governor of a province is also commander-in-chief, and is assisted by a general-in-chief, as well as lieutenant and major generals. These do not, however, constitute a standing army, for in times of peace the Chinese soldier may hire himself out in any capacity that pleases him. Each man is, or should be, provided with a shield and helmet, two swords, bow and arrows, matchlock, and spear. He is supposed to receive three taels a month, the tael being equal to from one and a half to two dollars; but the greater part of his pay is usually pocketed by some greedy official. The Tartar infantry soldier receives four taels a month, and the trooper four and a half.

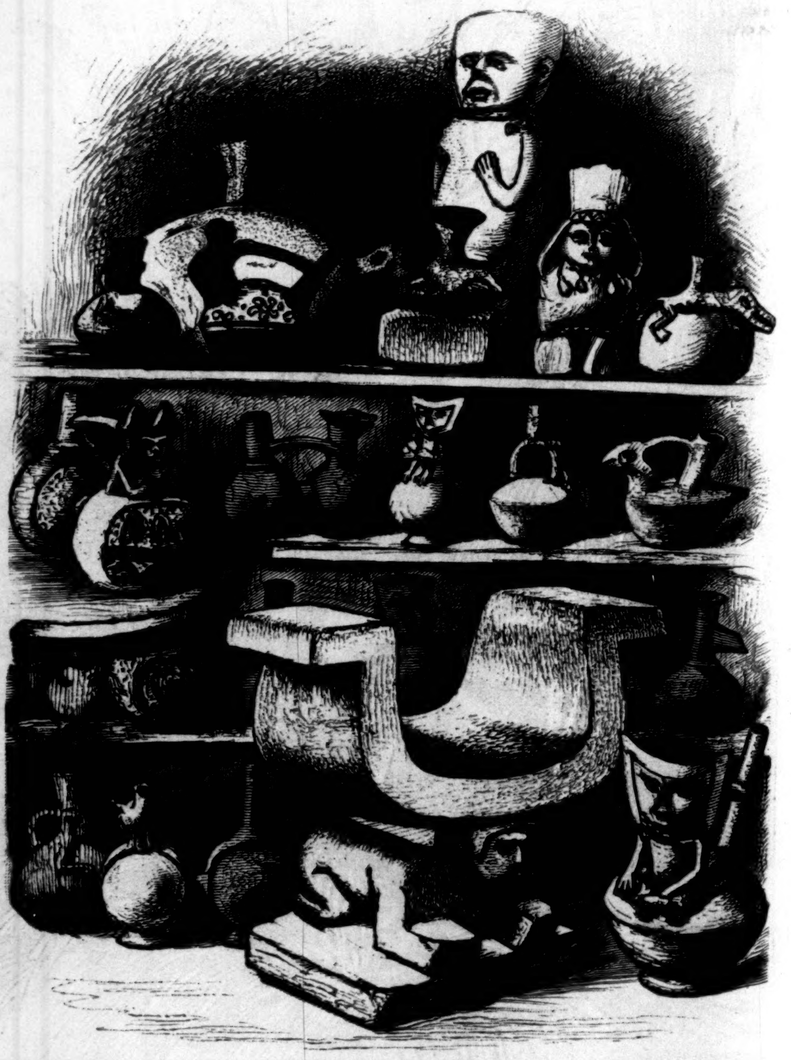
A recent English writer, who speaks with the authority of one who has studied the military tactics of the Chinese within the limits of the Celestial Empire itself, says: "At the present moment, when telegrams reach us about England's preparations for war with China, and rumors are continually afloat in regard to Sir T. WADE's movements, it may be interesting to the public to know, in the event of a war with that country, what kind of soldiery we should have to encounter. Notwithstanding our wars with China, the English have but a very faint idea of what Chinese soldiers are like. In personal appearance they appear to be an unfortunate set of wretches, ill fed, badly clothed, and armed chiefly with spears, old native matchlocks, and worn-out Enfield rifles, few, if any, being provided with what are technically known as breech-loaders."

Nor is Chinese military discipline of that strict order that might be expected from so arbitrary a government. It is a frequent occurrence for a man, when his company comes to a halt, to take out a pipe and deliberately indulge himself in a smoke, without receiving a reprimand from his commanding officer. A partial idea of what the Chinese notion of discipline and drill is may be gathered from the engravings on page 923.

One of the most remarkable features of these exercises is depicted in the first drawing, and is known as "the advance of the tigers after the skirmishers have retired." The name is derived from the fact that each man bears upon his shield the figure of a tiger. They go

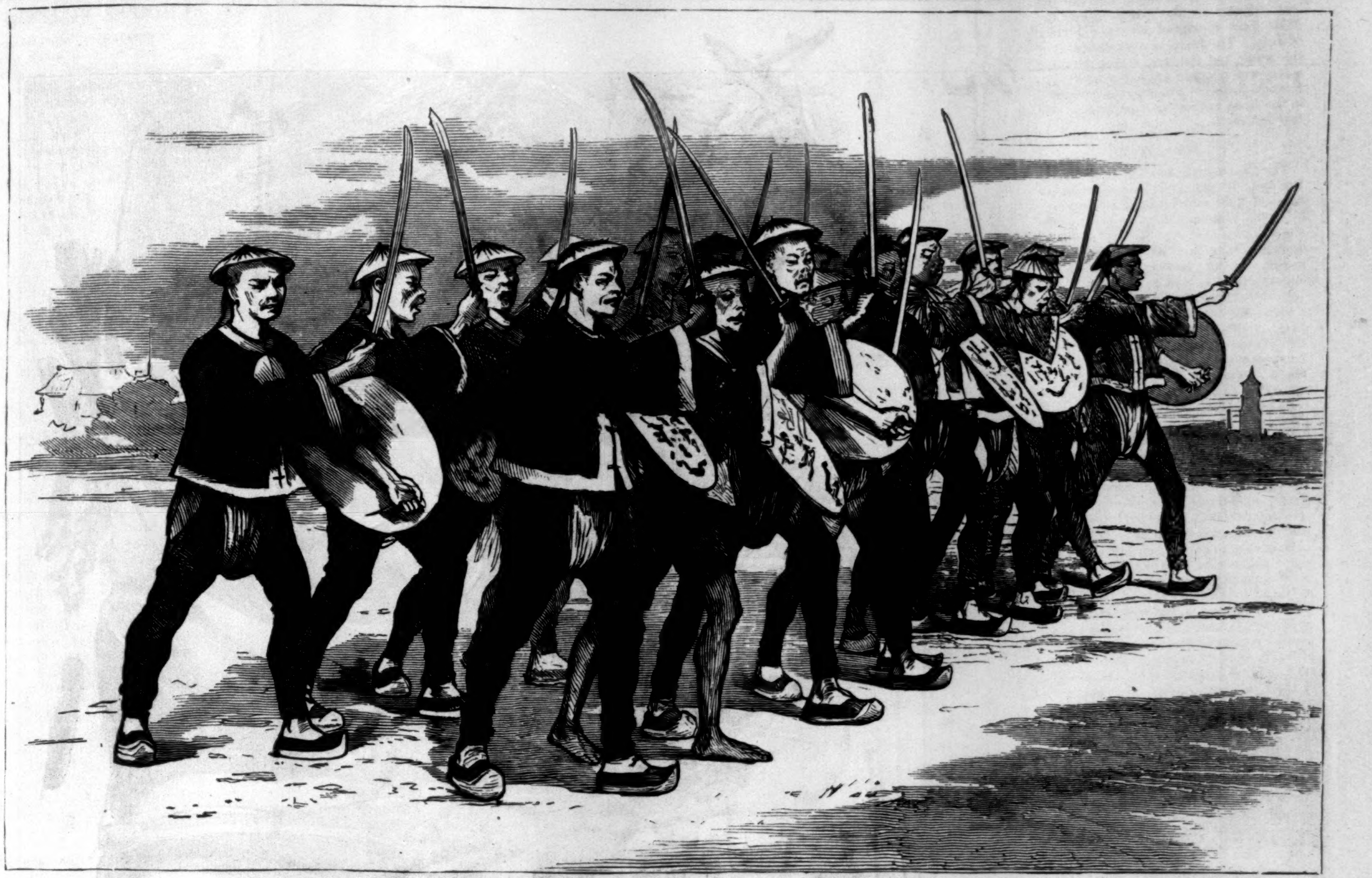

C.H. Vanderhoof del.

NORWEGIAN SLEDGES.



PERUVIAN ANTIQUITIES.

THE CENTENNIAL.



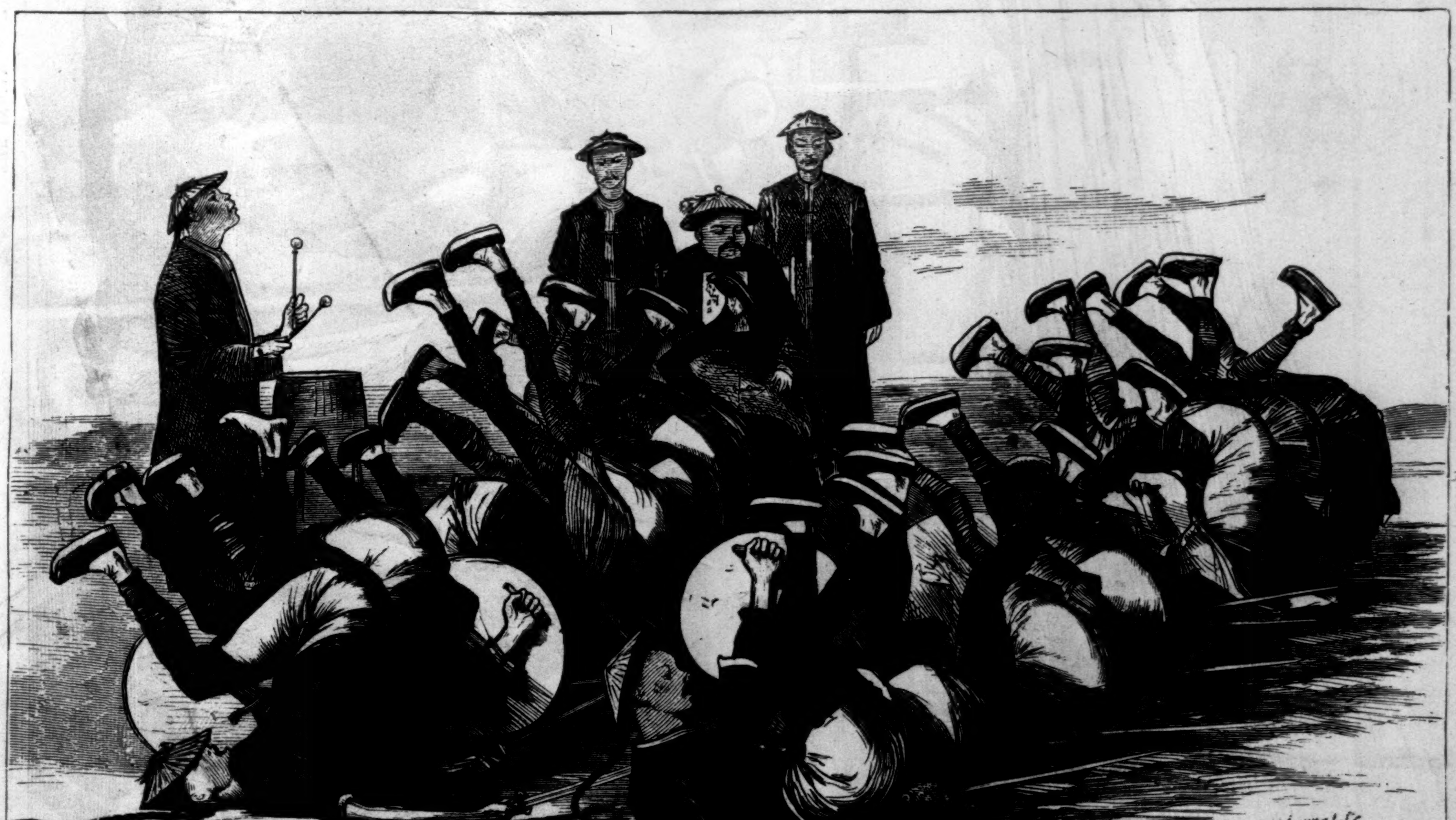
CHINESE MILITARY DRILL—"ADVANCE OF THE TIGERS."

through a very simple sword exercise, keeping time to a melancholy sounding bugle, and at each note utter a most horrible yell. Then follows the most extraordinary sight represented in the second drawing. At the sound of a drum the whole body of tigers put their heads on the ground, and, with another terrific yell, roll over like acrobats, retaining in their hands both sword and shield. In a second they are on their legs again, and the acrobatic performance is repeated. Just what the object of this most astonishing manœuvre may be our artist declares himself unable to ascertain, but the amazement of an enemy on beholding it may easily be imagined. The testimony already given in regard to the inefficiency of the Chinese army is corroborated by the Marquis de Moges, who says that "two regiments of zouaves and two regiments of chasseurs would suffice to conquer China. There is not," he continues, "a corps in the empire that could stand fast under a bayonet charge. The sight of a body of men marching coolly and resolutely up to them is so alien to their nature, so utterly incomprehensible and terrible, that all courage deserts them, and it is ten to one if they do not immediately take to their heels."

BUYING CAVALRY HORSES.

It has been shown by experience that the California horses possess all the requisite qualities for the arduous and fatiguing service of cavalry employed in Indian warfare, and, as a consequence, horseflesh is in great demand throughout that State. So great is the proved superiority of this breed of horses over all others that can be obtained, that General CROOK has several times warmly recommended to the War Department at Washington that all regiments upon the frontier should be thus mounted.

Our engraving upon the following page shows the lively scenes that take place at the public sales of horses in the neighborhood of San Francisco. It is required that each animal purchased for the service of the government shall be not less than fourteen hands in height, not over seven years old, sound at all points, and of a good, hardy color. Having been once purchased, the United States brand is imprinted on the left shoulder, and formal possession taken by the officers detailed for the purpose. The prices paid average from eighty to one hundred and twenty dollars.



CHINESE MILITARY DRILL—"THE ROLL-OVER."